

The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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WHOLE NO. 142.

Poetry.

MARY OF DEE.

"O, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with
foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the
land—
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
home,
Across the sands of Dee.

—C. Kingsley.

LOAFING AS A FINE ART.

My friend, my chum, my trusty crony!
We were designed, it seems to me,
To be two happy lazzaroni,
On sunshine fed and maccaroni,
Far off by some Sicilian sea.

From dawn to eve in the happy land,
No duty on us but to lie—
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest, and arm and hand—
Beneath the blue Italian sky.

There, with the mountains idly glassing
Their purple splendors in the sea,
To watch the white-winged vessels passing,
(Fortunes for busier fools amassing),
This were a heaven to you and me!

Our meerschaums coloring cloudy brown,
Two young girls coloring with a blush,
The blue waves with a silver crown,
The mountain shadows dropping down,
And all the air in perfect hush.

Thus should we lie in the happy land,
Nor fame, nor power, nor fortune miss;
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest, and arm, and hand,
Two loafers couched in perfect bliss!

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.

A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light;
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.
—Ben. Johnson.

Our Special Contributors.

ENGLISH NOVELS UPON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

BY G. F. BELL.

THE STORY OF NELLY DILLON.

By Anne Isabella Robertson.

One has only to read some of the works of fiction written by the generality of the women novelists of Great Britain to understand the merits of such an author as Miss Robertson. To an upholder of woman's rights, living among people of his or her own stamp, it might not seem strange that a writer should interweave women's questions into her stories; but after perusing a dozen or so of the novels written by English women, and said to be popular in the old country, the reader must feel something like surprise on looking through Miss Robertson's novels. That English men should ignore or ridicule women's rights in their stories, or make their female characters like dolls or simpletons, might not be astonishing; but that the greater part of the women writers of Great Britain should exert themselves to stamp their own sex as eternally inferior in intellect to men seems inexplicable, except upon the grounds that they think male critics will, for this reason, review their books favorably. These lady-writers love to tell us that, no matter how clever a woman may be, she never can attain to the stature of man's intellect; and male bullies who express their determination to be "masters in their own houses," and who are always drawing themselves "up to their full height," are expected to elicit our warmest admiration. Would these lady-writers really like to be bullied thus themselves by their male relatives, or would they like to be told by publishers that no books would in future be published except those written by men, owing to the inferiority of women's intellect? It seems a curious contradiction, and a great presumption, for such women to enter the lists of authorship at all, and especially to attempt to draw male characters when their opinion of their own sex is so low. Nothing can be more pernicious than the writings of such authors; the mischief done by them to male minds is incalculable; and male opponents of women's rights frequently declare that they base their opposition upon what women have written themselves.

We do not think that women readers in general relish such books; but the critics, who are nearly always, without exception, men, praise them, the librarians purchase them, and they are crammed down the throats of the English public, finding their way also over to the American shores, and spreading evil in their track. One thing we may be sure of, that in future days these books will

stand as evidences of the muddle people's brains were in up to the nineteenth century, and how dark the so-called enlightenment of that time was, even though the belief in witchcraft was got rid of, and negro slavery nearly altogether abolished.

We think Miss Robertson's works will bear the fullest blaze of enlightenment in the days that are coming. If she lives to see her sex emancipated, she will never have to blush for a line she has written, or to hide a sentence of her books from the world's gaze. All her novels express unmistakably her belief in the equality of men and women as to intellect and rights. Her "Story of Nelly Dillon" is an Irish tale of peasant life, first published in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and afterwards in a separate form, the scene being laid in Tipperary, that county so notorious for its lawlessness and landlord shooting. It is a perfect picture of that part of the country; and the inner life of the different characters—from the steady, honest farmer, Pat Dillon, to the wild bandit, like Peter Fogarty, who loves the heroine to distraction, and will never pay his rent—is described with photographic accuracy. It was when speaking of this novel that a distinguished critic remarked upon the Shakespearian faculty the author possessed for drawing all classes and grades of people with wonderful truth under all circumstances.

Nelly Dillon is a farmer's daughter—a beautiful girl belonging to the honest, respectable Dillon family; she is the pet and pride of her parents and brothers and sisters, but is not spoiled by this indulgence, except perhaps by being made too sensitive and high-spirited. Her principles are noble; her affection for her family strong; her sense of truth and duty unswerving. To gratify her parents, she consents to marry a respectable young man named Dennis Ryan, and tries to tear from her heart the love she has borne the lawless Peter Fogarty since childhood, because he is obnoxious to her relatives.

The story is told with great dramatic power, and the reader sympathizes with all the people in the book; for even the wild Peter Fogarty awakens a strong interest. Among the characters that stand out like photographs are Pat Dillon and his stern, spartan-like wife, the droll little widow Bet Fagan, Nelly Dillon herself, and the cynical old Norry Croon. The love-making of the two rivals (Dennis Ryan and Peter Fogarty) and Nelly's distracted feelings, between her wish to be a dutiful daughter and her ever-living love for the wretched Fogarty, are all told with harrowing truthfulness. The gossip of Crossnallik—its ill-nature and envyings—are described with great wit and humor; but the tale is deeply tragical. Suspicions, apparently well founded, rest upon Nelly's character. She disappears one night from Crossnallik, and no one hears of her for weeks. Fogarty is away too, having shot a land agent for ejecting him from

some acres which he would not pay rent for; and people, of course, think Nelly has eloped with him. Her family are sorely stricken, but stern in their unforgiving wrath; and when Nelly at length returns one dreary winter evening, and knocks at her father's door, she is denied admittance; she who has been devoted all along to her family, and is as guiltless as a child, is thrust in anger from her father's house. Let us give an extract from the book here:

"Her father, wrathful and furious, with a terrific look in his ghastly face, stood before her, the fire-light revealing his figure clearly.

"'Begone, you shameful wretch!' he exclaimed wildly, 'do you dare to stand on that threshold, and lay your finger on that latch! Disgrace never darkened your father's name till it was blackened by you! Quit the place entirely! Hide your face from all belongin' to you, you ungrateful daughter! How durst you show your face back here? It well becomes you to have that impudence, when the wretch you went away with is taken up for murder!'

"Astonished at this reception, yet fully comprehending the meaning of her father's words, Nelly endeavored to utter some explanatory sentences; but he would not listen to a word from her. Maddened by fury, he stamped, and poured forth more wrathful exclamations, heaping shame and humiliation upon the trembling object of his anger.

"'Father,' exclaimed Nelly, 'will ye listen to me, for God's sake! Only hear what I've got to say, and you'll see that you have no cause for anger!'

"'Come in, Pat,' said a cold, hard voice, not furious, not violent, but chill and grim as a voice from the tomb might be; 'come in, Pat, and shut to the door; the air is blowin' in cowld.'

"They were the words of her mother.

"In an instant after, the door was banged with a force that made the hinges tremble, and the miserable girl found herself again alone, standing out in the chill night air, with the rain pattering heavily upon her. She had just strength enough to cross the meadow and walk to the little farm-gate, which she reached with a giddy head, and then staggering on for a few paces, she would have fallen to the ground had not a friendly arm been passed around her slight form, and a friendly voice whispered in her ear:

"'Never heed, alannah! You'll come with me!'

"It was the voice and the arm of Bet Fagan. The widow supported her to her own dwelling, and laid her on a bed gently as she might have laid down a child of her own."

And yet Bet believed that the girl was guilty; but she knew human nature was frail, and, guilty or not guilty, she was prepared to have mercy on the wanderer. Nelly passed a fearful night of mental agony under her roof; and we are told how

"Bet burned out all her little stock of candles long before daylight, and was then obliged to have resort to knots of bog-wood for light during the remainder of the weary night. She often declared, in after days, that of the many night watches she had kept through all the years of her life, by the bedside of the sick and dying, she had never passed such a woful watch as that!"

Nelly finds it impossible to convince her friends of her innocence; appearances are too much against her. Even Bet has doubts up to the last, though she exerts herself heroically to get Nelly's character cleared if possible. In wind and snow, she walks ten miles to visit Fogarty in prison at Clonmel, where he is condemned to death for murder, and she prevails on him to confess the truth about Nelly to his parish priest, who eventually makes it known to all Crossnaliik in the chapel after mass on Sunday; but Nelly's proud spirit rises against the injustice of her family, and she refuses to return home after being doubted and suspected. A terrible scene ensues, and the end is most painful; but we will let the reader find out all about it him or herself. Bet Fagan's endeavors to persuade her old stupid friend, Dan Phelan, to visit Fogarty in the jail at Clonmel are well told,

and the following passage will be found amusing:

"Between Bet and Dan a strong friendship had long existed—probably from the fact that neither was in the least like the other, either in disposition or mental capacity. Dan was stupid and plodding. Mrs. Fagan was quite the reverse; she had a quick wit, which enabled her to form plans at a moment's warning. There were times, however, when the widow considered that her own judgment could not be altogether relied upon, and in these extremities she generally applied for advice to Dan Phelan; for like a great many individuals more enlightened than poor Bet, she labored under the delusion that the masculine mind was capable of forming clearer opinions in cases of difficulty than the feminine. Mrs. Fagan never, in the whole course of her life, could remember any time when she had received profitable advice from any man living; yet she entertained that general belief in male superiority, which had probably taken root in her mind, because her father had cruelly used her and despised her in early youth for being a deformed and dwarfish girl instead of a fine boy. Having also remarked during the course of a very observant life that so many of her female acquaintances were unhappy as maids, wives, and mothers, with an air of heart-broken slavery about them, she could not help thinking that men who went about so free and bold, getting more wages than women even for the same amount of work, were a superior sex in the abstract, and must have stronger judgment than her own sex. 'They've bigger heads and arms and hands than the women-kind,' she thought, 'and they can give a blow o' their fist twice as sthong as the women can, and why wouldn't they be wiser?' Why not, indeed, Bet? Your reasoning was as profound as that of many a more learned individual, and do we not know that bodily strength always accompanies great mental power? Whoever saw a wonderful genius who was not seven feet high and proportionably brawny? Are not our prize-fighters and athletes always the men of deepest intellect?"

Nelly Dillon's spirited answer to her doubting, suspicious lover, Dennis Ryan, during one of their quarrels, is also worth quoting:

"Dinny, you were wrong even to think of one like me," she said; "for you see I'm not one of your tame people that will suffer themselves to be trampled upon. I've a spirit above that. I know there are men who think their wives should be like slaves or children to them; but if you're that sort, you'll find you're mistaken in me. I'll stand no tyranny or oppression. I'll allow no husband to correct me as if I was a child. Why should I? Let any man look into his own heart, and ask himself if he could dare to think he was fit to point out what's right or what's wrong to any respectable woman. It well becomes men, after spending their lives, God knows how, to take upon them to tutor and find fault with women who are as innocent and well-behaved as the saints a'most!"

If Miss Robertson never makes her heroines very perfect, she makes them at least very like human beings; she has a peculiar genius for drawing character to the life, and depicting scenes with dramatic force. If "The Story of Nelly Dillon" was dramatized it would have immense success, and we have no doubt that it will yet be represented on the stage.

Genuine Tipperary stories such as this are very rare; no part of Ireland has been "used up" by the fiction writer so little as this peculiar county, which is described with such startling accuracy in the tale we have just reviewed, and which has been called the best Irish story ever published.

GREAT MEN AND THEIR WIVES.

BY MRS. E. C. STANTON.

From the days of Socrates to Charles Dickens there has been one long succession of unfortunate examples. Poet and painter, dramatist and novelist, philosopher and linguist—the Molieres, the Miltons, the Byrons, the Bulwers, the Durers, the Scalligers, the Sheridans, the Thackerays—did all marry and quarrel in the past. All these men, without exception, will, in the future as in the past, blame their

wives for their several successive catastrophes. And yet what a record of heartlessness and indifference our greatest men have left of their domestic life. Dr. Franklin, that old utilitarian kite-flyer, went to Europe, leaving his wife behind, and never saw her face for eleven years. She had shared his poverty, practiced his poor Richard maxims, pinched and economized, patched and darned, worked early and late, bred children, nursed them through jaundice, red gum, whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever and fits, while Benjamin enjoyed the splendors of court, velvet couches, great dinners, and choice society. Of course, when he came back the poor drudge was no match for the philosopher; there was a great gulf between them. That her heart rebelled is manifest in the headstrong acts of his children. He quarreled with one of his sons and disinherited one of them. Thus the mother's wrongs were revenged. A just retribution for any wrong on woman is sure to come in the vice and crime of her children to the third and fourth generations. Henry Clay thought he could safely leave his wife at Ashland to bear children and make butter for the Lexington market, while he made laws for the nation and love to the lovely women in Washington. There his heart stood open as any boarding-house door, but shut against her who was playing Solomon's wise woman on a farm in Kentucky, cutting out linsey and jean for the negroes. His dream of ambition over, sick and sad, he went back to Ashland to find that the domestic drudge, called by the holy name of wife, had reared up for him a race of degenerate, wayward children. He was filled with the bitterness of disappointment. But they measured the depth of the mothers humiliation; the angles of incidence and retaliation were but equal. Was it the sorrowful mother that made one son crazy with hopeless love; another a sour, discontented man overcome through life with a sense of inferiority, and jockeys and gamblers of the rest!

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION AGAIN.

BY H. C. INGERSOLL.

A short time since THE REVOLUTION propounded a question of the greatest importance, "What justifies marriage?" If the correct answer to this can be given, more will be accomplished by it for the improvement of the race and the happiness of mankind, we believe, than by the solution of any problem of the nineteenth or any other century.

It is to be regretted that in asking this question in the interest and for the elevation of marriage, the editor of THE REVOLUTION should have been interpreted as deciding against the institution of marriage itself. "The Gods themselves are helpers against stupidity," and it is to be hoped that you will not be hindered in the good work begun in that article, because you are meeting with the usual success of reformers in the outset; and so when the "Congregationalist" thinks it "very sad for a woman to utter such sentiments," do not be dismayed, dear REVOLUTION, but "keep right on."

In attempting to answer the question, "What justifies marriage," the first step would be to comprehend the ideal of that relation, and the true theory of marriage must be ascertained in the outset. To this question we know of but

one answer which deserves the name of theory. Swedenborg promulgates it, and the divine Watts, after lamenting that

" Gentle Hymen's silken chain
A scourge of iron proves."

goes on to describe the true theory of marriage in poetical terms, purporting to be taken from an Indian philosopher on the banks of the Ganges, from which we infer that the religion of the Hindoos may have contained the idea before Swedenborg wrote. This is its poetical form:

" The Almighty Power that formed the mind,
One mould for every two designed,
And blest the new born pair.
This be a mate for this, He said;
Then down He sent the souls He made
To find them bodies here.
But parted from their warm abode,
They lost their fellows on the road,
And never joined their hands.
Oh ! cruel chance, and cruel Fates,
Our Eastern souls have lost their mates
On Europe's barbarous stands ! "

Perhaps a latent belief in the truth of this theory exists in the minds of more than half of the cultivated portion of humanity. Most young people when much in love adopt the idea, for the time being, that they were made especially for each other. It is a prevailing hallucination, if not a reality, and yet the belief in this theory, does not in any practical way answer our great question.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in a parlor lecture upon "Polarity," seemed to indicate a theory of attraction between human beings, such as should justify marriage, similar to the positive and negative poles of electricity. We well remember that after listening to the reading of the lecture one evening, a fair young girl went up to Mrs. Howe and said, "But how are we to know when we find the positive and negative poles suited to each other?" "Oh, that is easy enough," said Mrs. H.; "simple attraction is the rule to govern one!" "But that would never do for me," said the pretty girl, archly, "for I am attracted to a *great many*." Mrs. Howe could not prescribe further, nor we fear could any of the advocates of this theory help much in the practical solution of the difficulty. The followers of Swedenborg, although professing that all other marriages save the one with the true mate is adultery, have shown by their frequent second marriages that they are no wiser than the rest of the world, in possessing rules whereby they may avoid mistakes in understanding the conditions that justify marriage.

Miss Bremer, in the "H. family," describes a suffering not unknown to many sensitive, conscientious girls on the eve of marriage. The fear that the beloved one is not the right one; that the love, although real, is not the highest and best of which her nature is capable; the consciousness of compromise between the reality she is to wed and the ideal she would have married, makes the "courting days" of many a young girl a period in which she grows pale, anxious, and thin. Often the shadow of those days deepens and darkens, until like a black cloud it enshrouds the whole life of a woman. Often, too, heaven be praised, it is lifted, and passes away after marriage. Miss Bremer makes her heroine serene and happy after the die is cast. It is not to be supposed that this experience is confined to woman alone.

Coleridge seems to have been lamenting the loss of an ideal marriage when he wrote:

" The certainty that struck Hope dead
Hath left contentment in its stead,
And that is next to best."

Said an observing man in our hearing, "We take great pains with the improvement of races or breed in animals, but we seem to have given no thought to the subject of how the human race may be improved by discovering the laws which should govern marriage." Is this knowledge beyond mortal view? We are not willing to believe that it would prove the fruit of

" That forbidden tree

Whose mortal taste brought Death into the world," but rather, we trust, it would show the tree whose "leaves should be for the healing of the nations," and more than any other knowledge tend to the transformation of men into angels.

Young people think love-matches are sure to be right; mature life contradicts the theory. There have been matches of love at first sight where judgment coincided, and the approbation of friends all combined to make the wedding auspicious, and yet the parties grew away from each other, morally and spiritually, till the union was no union. There have been matches that proved good in after life, when the judgment of all friends at the time pronounced them wrong. There have been well organized and good children from unhappy marriages, and the contrary from unions that seemed good; and so the saying becomes a proverb—

" Marriage is a lottery."

" Will you tell me truly what conditions justify marriage in your opinion?" said I to an intelligent Swedenborgian friend. "I will answer your question" said he, "when you will tell me what justifies single life?" Said one whom we know to be a keen observer and deep thinker, Dr. Hedge, of Mass., "I think four-fifths of marriages are failures, from an ideal point of view; not failures as not having been better than single life." In a relation like marriage, give us the ideal or nothing, is the natural instinct of the human heart. Let us hope that in the progress of the ages the "ideal attained" will be the destiny of the race.

A difficulty in discovering the true law of marriage by our reason lies in the very nature of the love without which marriage is a desecration. It has well been called a "divine madness." All ages have called love blind; and we learn on the authority of Shakespeare that the "lover is of *imagination all compact*." How then hope to reason of so unreasonable a thing, or ascertain the law of that which is in itself lawless. So has said the world generally; but let us hope that light may yet come even to this mysterious subject. The first step towards finding light is to realize how *much* light is *needed*. We believe society has pretty nearly arrived at this realizing state. The same deep thinker I have before quoted once said that he had intended for years to write a book upon woman and this topic, but had abandoned the idea because he felt that he could not comprehend it; it was beyond his depth. Rather discouraging to ordinary thinkers, only that we *must not* be discouraged while *any* ideal remains unattained. The author of "Elsie Venner" has thrown some light upon theological truths in their relation to physiology, and indicated a grappling with the mystery of love. Has he no more to say? One thing he has said which needs explanation. He has said to his young gentleman

reader that he could love at least a thousand young ladies in these United States, if he were brought into acquaintance with them, and to his young lady reader he says that there are two thousand five hundred young gentlemen in the country that she could love under the same circumstances. Why, we should like to know, is the proportion of men that woman could love so much larger than of women that men could love? Is woman, with her finer nature and more delicate organization, so much more easily suited than man? We think the reverse is true; but if Holmes meant to say that as society is constituted single life is less comfortable for woman than man—that through marriage she has hitherto sought support, occupation, respectability, and a sphere—then he is right in implying that she has twenty-five reasons where man has one for loving, and marrying, and making the best of her lot, and of being more justified in marrying than in remaining single.

The world is full of novels where the interest of the story turns upon love. How few writers have attempted to make the human race wiser by comprehending its laws and showing the conditions which will ensure happiness in marriage? Said a friend to me, "Love is a necessary insanity permitted and appointed for the continuance of the race. No man and no woman would, from the pure dictates of judgment and reason, undertake the married relation." But this insanity, if appointed by our Maker as we believe, has laws, and certainly, although Scott says that

" He who stems a stream with sand,
Or fetters flame with flaxen band,
Hath yet a harder task to prove
By firm resolve to conquer love."

yet the passion in its early stages is quite amenable to reason, and if human beings could know where to yield and when to resist, a great gain would be made.

I cannot claim to have thrown much light upon the great question in the drifting thoughts thrown out in this article; but before I leave, let me beg that whether or not you obtain an answer to "What justifies marriage," the reform which you advocate (baring the vote) will surely prevent a great many unjustifiable marriages. When woman has her fair share of the work and wages of the world, she will no longer marry for a home, or because she has nothing else to do, or because she has neither position or sphere out of matrimony. She will stand on a plane equal with man in the motives for marrying, and such equality will be immensely favorable to *wise*, loving and *holy* marrying. For the sake of the redemption and elevation of marriage, more than for any other reason under heaven, so I hope and pray that the great doctrine enunciated in the beginning of the Woman's Rights Reform—"capacity is the limit of sphere"—may have no hindrance until it is established throughout the world.

A MAN AND THREE WOMEN.

Having settled all vexed questions about the Queen's English, Mr. Richard Grant White takes up, in the September *Galaxy*, the woman question. In an article entitled "Three Women," he gives us a full description of three of our sisters, whom he considers types of clearly defined varieties of the sex as it is developed from the womanly germ, and moulded by the influence of modern society.

He says that " notwithstanding their superiority of mind and character, no one of these three would be regarded by the most sensitive man as in the least mannish or masculine ; no one of them has ever manifested the slightest aspiration toward a sphere of action beyond that to which their sex has been limited by custom. Therefore, behold the reward of merit for well behaved women ; therefore, no man fears or dislikes them. After all, what could they ask more ? to what higher flight could feminine aspiration soar ?

Reading further on you find that the typical women are like a sun in the rule of three. Their power to attract maintains a regular and mathematical proportion to their absence of "book-knowledge." Martha, who is first described, knew altogether too much, having studied two languages besides her own, and been instructed in books enough to make a little library. Of course, so wise a young woman had to wait until her father's failure and her own experience of domestic care had toned her down, and put books somewhat out of her head, before she was sought in marriage, for "to young men of ordinary tastes and habits there was little attraction in such a girl ;" but when she got to a pass of domesticity where "she read hardly one book a year, and her whole life was absorbed in ministering to the material comfort of her husband and her children," she became not only useful, but charming.

The second type of womanhood, Catherine, not having been educated to death—that is to say, to the extent of two languages, besides her own, but deprived of her mother in early youth, and so "called upon to take the leading position in the household, and a place in society"—at a period of life when most girls are busy with books or flirtations, became a solidly ornamental person, if that combination of terms be not an offence in the eyes of Mr. White ; though, if "one hundred and fifty pounds of beautiful woman, five feet, five inches high," is not solidly ornamental, we do not know what would be. "Women look with equal admiration and envy upon the white splendor of her grandly-outlined shoulders, and do not wonder that men never fail to answer the beckoning of that lovely hand." Personally, this picture rather awes us. We fear we should be among the weak-minded who perceive "a self-assertion in the sweep of her ample drapery, a warning in the rustle of her tempestuous petticoat, as she bears down superb as a seventy-four in full sail upon some distinguished person." But then she is womanly, according to Mr. Grant White's conception of womanliness—that is to say, her "youthful brain was not much oppressed with learning, or her beautiful arms loaded down with books," and she never, never talks politics.

The third type, Mary, had less book-learning and infinitely more attractions than either of the others. "She was rich in womanly charms, and men found attractions in her that caused her never to lack that homage for which the sex are born to hunger." Even before she had well proved her power she was married. Think what a success was this, and make a holocaust of your French and Italian dictionaries ! In married life she was admirable.

Mr. White says that "she had that rare possession of woman, that great lubricator of the friction of life, humor." Her husband, also,

he praiseth her. Why, he has even told Mr. White of her perfections.

Of these three women we are assured that one thing is certain, though the heavens fall, "they do not talk politics, hardly know them. Even Catherine, accustomed from her girlhood to the society of public men, does not soil her Junonian lips with political discussion. Indeed, to those men one great charm of her society is that they can flee from politics to her ; else, what would be her womanly attractiveness ? What would be the reason of her being?" Mark, learn, and inwardly digest the reason of your being, oh, wayward sisters, and, until you are ready to cease to be, never again express—what do I say ? never again venture to form a political opinion ; for you are not only not to talk politics, you are not to know them.

One more truth Mr. White unveils for us, one grand utterance which comes in with solemn appropriateness at the close of his pleasant portrait-painting :

"Woman's power to win and keep the love of a man and of her children depends not a whit on her command of foreign languages."

Think of that, ye misguided, who depend upon storming masculine hearts with French and German missiles. Not a whit will they help you ; not a whit, even if you study Greek, as one pretty maiden of twenty-one is just beginning to do, it will not help you to "win and keep" a man's love. And considering that this winning and keeping is the true object and end and justification of your existence, for pity's sake, don't fly with your teachers of the languages and your foreign-looking dictionaries in the very face of Providence.

This paragraph is now going the round of the English papers (August, 1870) :

HEROIC CONDUCT OF A YOUNG LADY.—At a meeting of the Royal Humane Society on Tuesday, the silver medallion was unanimously voted to Miss Isa Cummins, a young lady eighteen years of age, for saving Mrs. K. Jack, under the following circumstances : A number of ladies were bathing at Whitepoint, Queenstown, and among them Mrs. Jack, the wife of the surgeon on board Her Majesty's ship *Mersey*. Mrs. Jack was dipping in the usual way customary to ladies, and ventured to go a little too far out for the purpose of trying to swim in, when, on raising her feet from the bottom, she found she was borne out by a strong current. Finding herself being carried away, she screamed. There was no boat near the spot, and in a few moments she would probably have been drowned had not Miss Cummins, who was in the bathing-box dressing, immediately rushed into the water and swam towards the drowning lady. Having reached her with considerable difficulty, Miss Cummins clutched her with one arm, and with the other ultimately succeeded in swimming with her to shallow water, Mrs. Jack being so much exhausted that her rescuer had to pull her entire weight through the water before any assistance could be obtained.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—We noticed in one of the down-town streets of New York the other day, over the door of a liquor store, "*A. Cain's Saloon*," and on the east side there is a lager-beer shop kept by a "party by the name of" *Hellefeller*. We suppose the first only kills the body, and the last-named undoubtedly disposes of the spirit.

The following questions, which are not so far from the truth as women could wish, are just now going the rounds of the press : "Who hits a woman when she is down ?" "Why, another woman." "Who keeps her down ?" "Why, another woman." One more question, Who is the cause of her being down ? Is it another woman ?

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

VICTORIA PRESS, August 26, 1870.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of our most influential London papers, has a certain correspondent who hides his real name and nationality under the fanciful title of "Azamat Batuk." This gentleman has just returned from a month in France, having followed the French armies until some suspicious people suggested that he was a Prussian spy, and the authorities recommended him to leave for England without delay ; and by way of heaping coals of fire on French heads, he at once delivers himself of a lecture in defence of French soldiers and French institutions, and for the benefit of French sufferers. Although "everybody is out of town," St. George's Hall was very fairly filled last night, and though our *soi-disant* Turkish friend has a foreign accent of some kind, he contrived to make it thoroughly understood that his sympathies were with France.

In the course of this lecture I confess my indignation was thoroughly aroused by a bitter and, I think, most undeserved attack (without qualification of any kind) upon the conduct of the French women during the war. It was prefaced by some cynical remarks upon "the women's rights movement," after which "Azamat Batuk" proceeded to lash the French women in general, as only caring to save "their fine clothes, jewels, and money ;" he accused them of taking an active part in the persecution of harmless travelers, and declared that they had so continually blamed MacMahon for not firing certain woods on the frontier, and roasting 40,000 Prussians alive, that the male population had become imbued with the same notion, regardless of the difficulty of setting fire to the woods or keeping the Prussians in them while they were blazing ! In fact, women had spread the panic which had destroyed the nerve and energy of the soldiers at the first sound of defeat, and were responsible for the war altogether ; for it would not have been possible had they brought up their children at all correctly, and implanted proper notions in their minds, etc., etc.

I confess I am heartily tired of these tirades against *women as they are* from the mouths of those who contemptuously refuse them any share in the rights of citizens, or any sphere out of the kitchen, nursery, and drawing-room. As long as women are taught to believe they are created only to "please and adorn," I think they ought to be allowed to fly with their "fine clothes, jewels, and money," and that it is cowardly to stigmatize them for saving what they are alone taught to value.

But are "Azamat Batuk's" accusations truer than his theories ? I fancy not. I don't think the Empress is the only woman who has forgotten the miserable vanities with which women are required to be satisfied in an ordinary way, and at any rate her example has been noble enough to have stimulated many in a less exalted station, of whom we may not hear as much at present. Many a deed of glorious self-devotion to the country has already reached me, and I feel indignant at what I regard as an attack on the sex, especially as it comes from one who throws ridi-

cule on women who ask to share in the responsibilities of citizens, and wish to secure other interests in life than fine clothes and jewels." "Azamat Batuk's" cynical representation of Mrs. Taylor's meeting is still fresh in my mind, and strangely inconsistent with the harsh blows now dealt at the French women, who, according to him, have only contented themselves with the gorgeous side of life so deliberately placed by man at the disposal of women to the total exclusion of the better part.

Two English women at least have stood at their posts during this terrible struggle. Not even to allay their royal mother's fears could the Princesses of England consent to leave their husbands' country and their new duties; and though the strife has unexpectedly been removed far from them, their determination was taken long before that fact became apparent, and both are employed in making bandages, compresses and charpie with their own hands, the Princess Alice giving up the whole of her time to the sick and wounded, meeting every train which arrives with soldiers, till her kindness and self-sacrifice almost lead her beyond the bounds of prudence in respect to her own health. Still, I suppose one Turk (?) would repeat, "The kind-hearted ladies who give themselves up to the service of ambulances and hospitals are only few. *The bulk of the female population is as it is everywhere.*

The secretaries of the Association for the Married Women's Property Bill have addressed the following letter to the *Times*. We suppose that in spite of the condemnation pronounced in some circles here on the letter I formerly sent you, the committee have resolved on the operation suggested by Miss Becker's first letter. I am not in the least surprised that they refuse to rest content with the relief given by the act just passed; but I am so thankful for that measure of justice, knowing that I could not agree with Miss Becker in wishing the House of Commons to reject it, although I can cordially unite with her in pressing on now with claims for further justice. Here is the appeal addressed to the editors of leading papers:

Sir: Will you permit us, through your columns, to address an appeal to those favorable to the amendment of the law with regard to the property of married women?

While we gladly admit that the act of last session provides an immediate remedy for some of the most common and palpable evils arising out of the common law, and that having regard to the number of women whose position is favorably affected by it, it is a real and great gain, we regret, that our legislators should have abandoned the vital principle of the original measure, and have retained the general rule of confiscation of a wife's property by the simple act of marriage.

We object further to the present act because the protection it offers is wholly inadequate to meet the needs of the case; because it applies the complicated rules and decisions of the Equity Courts respecting the separate estate of a wife to sums of the most trifling amount; because it frees a husband from liability for his wife's debts contracted before marriage, whilst retaining the principle of confiscation of property owned before marriage; because in most of its provisions relating to property it requires a formal process of application on the part of a woman as regards each separate portion of her estate; and because though professedly designed to benefit the poorest class of women, it is unintelligible without the aid of a lawyer. The marginal notes appended to the act are calculated to mislead the public as to its real purport.

On these grounds, though we regard the act as an important concession to the growing sentiment of justice, we decline to accept it as even a temporary settlement of the question. We have, therefore, decided to keep our organization intact and in working order, and

to continue to press the subject on public attention, in the hope that at a very early period a complete measure may be brought forward with a fair chance of success.

We ask our friends to contribute liberally towards the sum of £150, which we wish to raise at once, so that we may not only meet existing liabilities, but be prepared to act with vigor at the first favorable crisis. Cheques and postoffice orders payable to Lydia E. Becker, Manchester.

The total sum we have received during our three years' agitation is £312 9s., and though we have been compelled to incur liabilities greatly in excess of that amount, we venture to affirm that few political agitations of equal importance have been conducted at so little cost. We, therefore, appeal with confidence to our friends for further support.

We are, Sir, yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH C. WOLSTENHOLME,

Moody Hall, Congleton.

LYDIA E. BECKER, Hon. Treasurer,

28 Jackson row, Albert square, Manchester.

Miss Ira Cummins, a young lady scarcely eighteen years old, has just received the silver medallion from the Royal Humane Society for saving the life of a lady who was bathing at Whitepoint, near Queenstown. Mrs. Jack, the wife of a surgeon on board H. M. S. Mersey, had ventured too far into the water for the purpose of swimming, and was fast being borne away by the current when Miss Cummins, who was dressing in her machine, heard her cries, and rushed into the water, and seizing her with one arm succeeded in swimming with her to land. One of the contributors to the *Victoria*, whose name is not altogether unknown on our side of the Atlantic, displayed a similar amount of courage and self-possession a few days ago. I allude to Miss Alice Le Geyt, who received a medal from the Life-Boat Society, for her gallant rescue of two boys at Lyme Regis. Mrs. Eckley, a countrywoman of ours, deserves half the honor of this noble deed, for she steered the boat in which Miss Le Geyt rowed to the rescue. Mrs. Eckley has, as you know, also won high honors in the literary world, and has recently been made a member of the Arcadia of Poets, (Rome). I do not know if her "minor chords" are as well known in America as her brother's (Mr. Tuckerman) poetry, but they are valued by many here, and are full of an unwavering love of nature and her symbolic teaching; they are poems one turns to for rest and consolation from the activities and sorrows of daily life, and a tender melancholy permeates most of them. Let me ask you to make room for a short one, full of decided originality and exquisite delicacy in the imagery:

"We drift like bubbles down life's stream—
Bubbles that sport with light,
Only reflect life's treacherous hues,
Nor dream of sunless night.
When steals some breeze or flitting leaf,
These bubbles break in air,
So exquisite they are, too frail
A leaf-kiss e'en to bear.

With sails of silk we trim life's barque,
With anchors silver wrought,
Mann'd with bright hopes, our helmsman Self
Gives sunken shoals no thought.
Alas! we drift on life's rough sea,
Lash'd to a broken raft;
If Christ be not our pilot here
Heaven's breezes do not waft.

We hang our hopes on threads of gold,
At least we think we do,
Span from the loom of what we wish,
Rather than what is true.
Alas! these hang on cobwebs frail—
Frailer than thistledown—
Without our God cements the threads,
And weaves them in a crown.

We tread life's bridge of shadows, which
Out of the mist is built,

Frail as the mirage in the sky
That fades in sunset gilt.
Bubbles we are, on bubbles tread—
Bubbles we count and grasp,
Ah! ah, so shadowy save that love
We might, but do not clasp.

If bubbles then, if shadows we
Who must in shadows grope,
There's comfort still in Christ's great Love,
That Love which brings us hope,
No more like bubbles then we swim
O'er waves of life's deep stream;
No more o'er shadows do we brood,
Dark as life's saddest dream.

Shall we the lesson learn called life,
Ere yet this life is spun,
In shadows ever find a Key
To pass Doubt's rubicon?
That light may then upon us flash,
Life from our heart's-depths call,
Love's chrism rest upon our lips,
His Love be all in all!"

If your readers do not know Mrs. Eckley's poems, I feel sure they will thank me for this introduction to their gifted countrywoman, whom I am proud to include within the small golden circle which divides all friends from a perpetually increasing throng of acquaintances who pass us as shooting, if not falling, stars!

I see by this morning's papers that Lady Franklin has arrived at Queenstown from New York. I hope you saw this grand old lady while she was in your city. She has visited nearly every part of the world, and talks to you of a visit to India as most people talk of a journey from London to Edinburgh. She takes, moreover, a keen interest in the movements for women, attending our Victoria Discussion Society, and influencing every one within her reach on the suffrage question. The house at Kensington Lane is quite a curiosity, and all the distinguished travelers are to be met there at her garden parties. The only time I saw Mr. Speke in private was at Lady Franklin's, and very shortly before the melancholy accident which ended his life and discoveries. I shall look forward to hearing some American views from Lady Franklin during the coming month.

During the holidays, a few months back, I had occasion, in pursuit of Noah's arks and other juvenile requirements, to visit several toyshops. In one of these, as attendant and apparent proprietor, I found a woman who was also a lady. She had been handsome, and was still young, but she looked dragged and care-worn, as she well might, with a fat boy of ten months in her arms, a little girl of less than three years pulling at her dress, and an older girl of seven or eight doing her best to straighten out the articles disarranged by customers. I entered into conversation with her, and expressed my surprise at finding a woman of her apparent education and refinement in such a position. She told me that her husband was studying for a physician; that to support the family, and enable him to do it, she had undertaken this toyshop; and she added, with great pride, "I have succeeded beyond my expectations. I do not intend he shall be ashamed of us either," said she. "When spring comes on, I shall replace my toys with fancy goods and little garments of my own making, and I expect to make enough to set him up as a physician in a respectable quarter; and then when he is established we can join him, and no one will know any thing about it." I said: "Do you think he will realize the sacrifices you are making for him?" She looked at me in simple wonder. She had not thought of sacrifices.

This story, under the head of "Not a fit Woman for Suffrage," we clip from an exchange. But after carefully reading the facts in the case, we confess our inability to discover why this woman ought not to exercise the right of suffrage. Like Rosa Dartle, premising that we "only ask for information," we will accept the statement that she is not fit to vote; but may we meekly inquire "why not?"

Letters from friends.

THE WORK IN IOWA.

BURLINGTON, Sept. 1st, 1870

DEAR REVOLUTION: After a flying trip across the state, scattering papers and circulars, I am home again awaiting documents from headquarters.

I spoke every night last week, generally to full or crowded houses; have secured efficient agents, whose efforts will doubtless add greatly to your already long list of subscribers from Iowa. At Albia I found a woman suffrage society already organized, with Mrs. M. R. Cousins as president, a woman equally effective, whether directing her well-ordered household, superintending her large and luxuriant vineyard, unraveling the tangled business affairs of her deceased husband, or presiding over a meeting or society. At the last term of court, by request of the members of the bar, she presented to them, in an able and eloquent address, the claims of woman to a voice in the government. As a candidate for the office of census-taker, she commanded more recommendations by far than any other applicant. I deem myself fortunate in securing her as agent for THE REVOLUTION.

Here, too, in the family of Mr. Y., a talented lawyer, at whose house I was royally entertained, I met with a practical denial of the assertion that the vote for women will cause strife in the household; for though husband and wife were opposed in sentiment on the woman question, and expressed their views freely, yet there was no jar, no discord, and the spice of the discussion only gave zest to their interesting conversation. Mrs. Y. could doubtless take her husband's arm, walk to the polls, and ~~vote the opposite ticket without occasioning a single discordant feeling in the heart of either.~~

When will the world learn that true harmony can exist only where there is perfect liberty and equality?

In this case the husband, believing in the rights of the individual, readily accords to his wife the same freedom of opinion that he demands for himself; and the wife, while affectionately studious of his tastes and happiness in all the arrangements of her household, would, in voting, seek only her country's good. Though opposed to giving women the ballot, she would vote if others did, because then it would become her duty. And so would all those women feel who oppose suffrage from principle; while those who are opposed to it simply because it is unpopular (and from this source arises the opposition of most women) would cease their opposition as soon as it was granted, for then it becomes popular. Hence the objection that a large class of women would not vote is groundless.

The next night I spoke in the court-house of the beautiful town of Chariton; was introduced to the crowded audience by Mr. F. S. Stewart, a young and enterprising merchant, who will doubtless one day rival in success his namesake of New York city, for we are told that he is as attentive to business as to the wants and wishes of strangers. There is no society here as yet; but, judging from the intelligent and interested faces of the women of my audience, I predict they will soon form one. Here, also, I was fortunate in securing Miss Lizzie McCormick as your valuable agent.

At Osceola I was kindly welcomed and given the free use of the Protestant Methodist Church, Rev. Storrs, Pastor. But the elements were against me. Only twenty persons braved the violent thunder-storm to hear a woman speak. An invitation to come again I hope to accept some time, and organize there a society.

The next day on to Red Oak, the queen of the beautiful towns on the B. and M. road—queen in beauty of situation, in the enterprise of her inhabitants, in the generosity of her contributions. Here the women managed all. A woman, Mrs. Packard, presided with dignity and grace; two women passed round the hat. Perhaps this fact accounts for Red Oak making the largest contribution. Here I escaped the tedium and expense of a hotel through the generous hospitality of J. B. Gregg, an enterprising young lawyer, and his excellent wife, who, with her devoted husband and her sweet babes, thinks she has all the rights she wants; and so she has now, but if ever she has to appeal to law for protection she will find how few rights it gives to women. May the *lawyer*, rather than the *law*, ever be her protector, and may he win, for her and himself, success, wealth, fame; but above all things, may both ever enjoy a happy home.

Next night I spoke at Glenwood. This town we will let quietly rest in the shade of its own trees.

Saturday night at Pacific City, a town peacefully nestling under the picturesque bluffs of the Missouri. Took our Sabbath rest in the pleasant home of the Rev. M. F. Platt.

Monday night enjoyed the genial society of Mrs. Bloomer in her own beautiful home at Council Bluffs, and the next morning early on to Des Moines to the Reunion of Soldiers.

When Iowa entertains her brave boys let everything else be forgotten. Let women especially delight to honor them, for the principle for which they fought will eventually bring political freedom to her, as it has already brought it to the once down-trodden slave. And where are all those heroic women who tended these soldiers on the field and in the hospital? who, though they gave not their own life for their country, yet by their personal sufferings and sacrifices saved many a life to battle for her freedom. Has Iowa no honors for them? Alas! she does not yet accord them even their right to a voice in that government they have done so much to maintain. But a bow of promise decks our sky. Iowa will one day be just to her daughters as to her sons. She has ever been first in liberty's cause; she will continue to be so. She is already in advance of all other states on the question of woman suffrage, and she will win the proud honor of being the first state to give to women the ballot—the first commonwealth in the world *truly, wholly free.*

M. D.

FROM WISCONSIN.

RIPON, WIS.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Thinking you might like to know something of the sentiment which prevails in this community in regard to the cause which both you and myself advocate, I am happy to be able to state that the interest in this movement is constantly increasing. It first commenced like a small wave on the surface of public opinion, but as THE REVOLUTION is scattered among the people, and agitation goes on, it has the effect of throwing a

handful of pebbles in the lake; the waves spread wide and wider, until, if constantly repeated, they will cover the whole surface. And so I believe it will be with the suffrage movement; there will be no perfect quiet again till woman becomes a recognized power in the United States. I give you an extract of a letter from a lawyer and lecturer of Fon-du-Lac.

"The subject you propose to discuss is one of the very gravest moment. My own views were given in brief in an address delivered two years ago last 4th of July to my fellow-citizens of Brandon. I have since seen no reason to change my views upon the subject of woman's suffrage. I believe there is nothing more just or more politic than this measure of admitting women to practical citizenship."

"GEORGE PERKINS."

Another lawyer of Trempleau writes me:

"*Woman's rights!* What is it? Mrs. Livermore and others are engaged in agitating this subject; but what the reforms asked for, I am still unable to learn, that do not come strictly within the power and province of woman herself, save the ballot, and man is, and always has been, ready and willing to give the ballot to her, if she was, or is, ready to accept it."

"July 22, 1870.

F. A. VETTER."

Here are men whose ideas on this subject are far in advance of the majority of the men in this state, as far as I have ascertained. I think very few men will say "they are, and always have been, ready to give the ballot to women." But if they will make amends in the present for the wrongs of the past, we will both forget and forgive; although more than one generation must pass, after this act of justice is done to women, before they will take the place the God of nature and of natural laws intended them to occupy.

The women and girls of this generation can never wholly overcome their ante-natal impressions, which their mothers, in their subordinate position, have imparted to them. Many a woman has undergone the situation of prospective motherhood, not only with fear and trembling for herself, but with still greater fear lest her husband and ruler *might not be pleased*; and the revelation would at last be made with all the abject servility of a trembling criminal guilty of a heinous crime, perhaps to be met by reproaches that, under the circumstances, are punishments equal to the inquisitorial torture; and this is no isolated case drawn from imagination, but an everyday occurrence, as thousands of women can testify. For this and many other reasons I say more than one generation must pass away before women will overcome the effect of the tyrannies which have in some form been exercised over them for the last six thousand years!

This training must be overcome, and as all things in nature require time, so will the perfection of the minds of women.

H. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

FROM WESTERN NEW YORK.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 8, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

MY DEAR MADAM: I believe in woman's rights as a matter of principle, policy and justice. I believe, too, that the day of their universal acknowledgment among civilized nations is not distant.

Civilization has made but little progress unaided by woman's efforts; its holiest and its best reforms have sprung from the inspiration of her genius. In France she has humanized and refined philosophy; made art a reality in every-day life, and enjoyment the genius of

culture, refinement, and happiness. She has presided over every success, stimulated every noble enterprise, and given heart and beauty and truth to every step of human progress.

My heart will run into my pen in a cause in and to which I look for the progress of truth, justice, and human advancement. If America is sustained in her future as she has been in the past, it will not be to the policy of men that she will be indebted; it will be that woman has lifted her out of the corruption and decadence into which she is plunging, and by her virtue, and by the elevating influences of her teaching, purified and exalted her into a newer and better life. God speed the day.

Wishing you all prosperity in the great work to which you are so efficiently elevated,

I am, my dear Madam, sincerely yours,
STEPHEN D. DELLAFFE.

WAS ST. PAUL A BACHELOR?

It seems to be a pretty general impression that Paul was a bachelor, and many ladies of the present day have formed an opinion of him which is decidedly unfavorable. I believe, and propose to show, that Paul was actually a married man, and a strong advocate of "Women's Rights." The Corinthian Church had written to him for directions upon the subject of matrimony in a time of great persecution, and, under the circumstances, he seems to think that for the time being the unmarried had better remain so. Eusebius, Clement and other historians speak of Paul as a married man, and according to the best historical evidence we can get, he was at the time of writing this epistle a widower. And thus he remained true to his dead, and admonished other men who had lost their wives to pursue a similar course. Is there anything very objectionable in this advice? If there is a woman in America who is particularly anxious for her husband to marry again after her death, we should like to see her. The Apostle's "advice to wives," in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, seems to be very offensive to some, because he admonishes them to obedience. Husbands are very fond of quoting it. If there is but one text in the Bible with which they are acquainted, it is that; but do you ever hear the twenty-fifth verse from masculine lips? Listen: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it." There, gentlemen, is your rule of conduct—don't forget, and, by the way, how do you like it? Where is there a greater love than this? And what an exalted opinion Paul must have had of woman to deem her worthy of such affection! Rest assured that obedience will gladly follow a love like that. When men are honest, loyal, and true—when they tenderly love and shield, even at the sacrifice of self, then women will "honor and obey" without any objections or regrets.—*Packard's Monthly.*

An exchange says: "Wyoming, having tried female jurors, now proposes to send a woman to Congress. If the woman has done anything that the laws of Wyoming are not sufficiently stringent to properly punish, send her to Congress by all means, "and may God have mercy on her." Are we to conclude from this proposition that the Congress men have been sent to Washington as a punishment for their crimes? And does this reformatory measure work well in practice?"

About Women.

Henry Ward Beecher thinks one deaconess worth about two average deacons.

A sprightly new book—"Chase on Fleas," illustrated by Hoppin.

Croquet is becoming as fatal as base-ball. A nice girl was sun-struck the other day while at that game.

By whose son?

Two young ladies acted as assistant marshals at the last fourth of July celebration at Fenton, Mich.

The hair-dressers' shops at Madrid are crowded with poverty-stricken Spanish girls anxious to sell their hair.

Mrs. Robert Dale Owen is authority for the assertion that more than half of the work of the world is done by women.

A tombstone in Maine, erected to the memory of a wife, bears the inscription, "Tears cannot restore thee; therefore I weep."

An object of interest—a girl whose interest is three thousand a year.

Of course she is, because such a girl must have a great deal of principle.

A vinegar-hearted old bachelor says he always looks under the head of marriage for "news of the weak."

Wonder if he looks under the head of "notices of attachment" for marriages?

Jane E. Austin's "Shadow of Molock Mountain," now running through *Hearth and Home*, will appear in book form on the 1st of November.

"To live long and prosper," spare the "noble red man." We should lose the pleasantest part of our years if we hadn't the Indian som'ers.

Miss Thorne, a niece of Mrs. James Thorne, has been preaching in Adelaide. The South Australian *Register* speaks in very appreciative terms of the discourses.

The Champaign (Ill.) Industrial University will soon open its doors to women. There has been a great struggle in the Board of Trustees over the question.

The Earl of Shaftesbury says that "if His Holiness the Pope had a wife she would not allow him, for an hour, to remain in the belief that he was infallible."

India has a ladies' newspaper—the *Bungo Mohila, or Woman of Bengal*—published at Calcutta in Bengali, and edited by a disconsolate Hindoo lady.

Miss Kate Field is said to be able to drive a pair of horses, swim half a mile at a stretch, row a boat all day, and write a \$75 article for the *Atlantic*. Here's talent for you!

One more Pittsburg lady craving aquatic honors appears in the person of Miss Rosa Steel, who offers to row two miles quicker than any other woman in the country.

The Spaniards have a saying, "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty, to her equal; at thirty, to anybody that will have her."

The height of snobbery seems to have been reached at last. An Exchange says: "Mr. and Mrs. Cash have gone to their forty-thousand-dollar house on the Hudson river."

A woman's rights woman at Sioux City, Iowa, recently purchased a large hotel, and is about to become the landlady of it herself.

We shall see now whether a woman is smart enough to keep a hotel.

A lady of this city is writing, for publication, a treatise on the many diseases to which girls are subject whose employment in stores and other places keep them all day upon their feet.

The works of Mme. Marie Sophie Schwartz, a Swedish novelist, are soon to be given to the American public. Forty-five have already been translated into German without exhausting the series.

The Galesburg, Ill., *Register* asserts that it has in its office the "fastest lady compositor in the West." The *Register* should choose its words more carefully to avoid ambiguity and to prevent mistakes.

Miss Seaton's "English Governess at the Siamese Court," which has furnished so much pleasant reading for the pages of the *Atlantic*, will soon be published, together with the life of her father, William H. Seaton.

Two ladies, Mrs. Denio and Mrs. McKenna, have established themselves in the grocery business in Vallejo, Cal., and intend to carry it on upon the principle of no credit—without cash, no delivery.

The Wayne County (Ill.) *Press* says:

"Woman's Rights are obtaining a practical ascendancy in Wayne. A few days since the Tom's Prairie C. P. Church elected and ordained a lady, Mrs. Robertson, as Deacon. This proceeding of our Tom's Prairie friends we fully endorse."

A school-girl, in writing to her mother, says: "I get along nice with all my teachers, except Miss _____; but I don't blame her, because she accidentally shot the young man she was engaged to, and it naturally makes her feel kind of cross, especially on cloudy days."

An Indiana couple were married in a cornfield the other day, to be romantic.

The field says they came stalking in upon him, "to the amazement of his ears that heard it." We hope the groom shelled out liberally to the parson.

Charlotte Cushman, the once famous actress, has just sold all her real estate in Chicago, which was valuable, and the proceeds will be sent to London, where the unfortunate lady now lives, slowly dying from an incurable cancer.

Miss Virginia F. Townsend has, by request, delivered her lecture on "Catharine de Medicis and her Times" in several towns in New Hampshire during the last month; and, unlike most historical lectures, her's has met with the most complete success.

"Well," said Miss Hipper when she read "Mrs. John Jones, Milliner" over a shop door, "I think if I was married, and had to support the family, I'd do it over my own name; and let my husband write Mr. Susan if he felt so disposed."

An old bachelor says that women are like parrots—they are willing to be caged up if they only have a string to play with.

Guess that old bachelor was not much acquainted with women. It is a ring they want, and they object decidedly to being "on a string."

Brick Pomeroy has rather a demoralized opinion of the modern maidens, for he says: "The good, square, honest country lasses we knew in years agone seem like choice dreams compared to the walking shop windows, the hair padding, ribbon flinging, titter-tipping gew-gaws of humanity now called girls."

No wonder, if this indignant editor models himself exactly after the pattern of the "square, honest lad" of other days? If so, we should be pleased to see him."

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.
EDWIN A. STUDWELL, Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1870.

THE TRUE QUESTION.

One of the arguments most frequently advocated by those who oppose woman's suffrage is that the majority of women do not themselves desire the franchise. But granting this to be the case, does it prove that a thing is not desirable for a class because that class may not happen to desire it?

For instance, in India the English authorities resolved to put an end to the hideous practice of the suttee—the burning of the widow on the funeral pile of her dead husband. The abolition of this custom was strenuously resisted in India, not only by the majority of the people there, but by the widows themselves; for they felt that by a failure to sacrifice themselves they were disgraced, not only in this world, but would suffer for it in the next.

The English were resolute, and the custom is abolished wherever the foreign authorities have control. Was not this desirable, even if the Hindoo widows did not desire it? Is it not also desirable to destroy the entangling network of caste which prevails in India at this moment? And yet all attempts at breaking up this absurd and inconvenient system are resisted violently by the very people whom its abolition would most benefit.

In the matter of education also we find very few young people who are eager to devote themselves to their books; they are often forced to study quite contrary to their own inclinations. Does the fact that they do not desire education make it the less desirable that they should be educated?

As with children, so with the lower orders of society. The demand for instruction does not come from them, but from the profoundest thinkers and ablest statesmen of our own and other countries, who are agreed in the opinion that education is necessary, not only for the populace, but for the best interests of the government under which they live. Prussia has a system of compulsory education, which is one of the best features of her policy. Russia has some arrangement less thorough, but of a similar nature, and England is now discussing the propriety of adopting the same compulsory methods. Who can doubt that such a course would be advantageous both to the governors and to the governed.

What is true of custom and of education is equally true of political matters. Sir Charles Dilke well said in the House of Parliament in England, "a class which has been always excluded from political power does not ask for political power. You will always find that in the case of any class which has been despotically governed, the great majority of that class are content with the system under which they live."

The wider extension of suffrage in England, was not first demanded by the class most to be benefited by it. Liberal thinkers and clever politicians demanded it for them; and roused and emboldened by the struggle in their behalf,

the disfranchised masses joined in the cry for the ballot.

Was this not desirable until they had learned to desire it?

Even in our own country the demand for the emancipation of our millions of slaves did not first come from the bondmen. It was the most common argument of the slaveholder that his slaves did not desire their freedom, and, no doubt, this was, in many instances, true; but had not one slave desired liberty, would it have been less desirable?

When the question was asked them privately, "Do you wish to be free?" the reply was almost invariably in the negative. But it occurred to some few of the inquirers that to ask a slave this question when his reply in the affirmative could do him no possible good, and might do him a good deal of harm by exciting suspicion against him, was not the surest way of arriving at the true state of the slave's sentiments.

Did it ever occur to the opponents of woman's suffrage, who so triumphantly proclaim the feminine indifference to the ballot, that very possibly they may not have discovered the exact state of the opinion of the women on this subject.

Both men and women are slaves to public opinion, and public opinion has pronounced it unfeminine to ask for the franchise. A woman may be absorbed in fashion and frivolity; she may neglect her household duties, and leave the care of her children wholly to servants, while she spends her time in a round of gayeties, and society has no word of reproach for her. She is never called unwomanly. But let a woman discharge all her duties as wife and mother most carefully and admirably, and give but a few of her leisure hours to writing or speaking on the subject of the political rights of her sex, and the epithet unfeminine is launched at her at once.

Many women, consequently, as is quite natural, shrink from expressing their thoughts on this subject, and many, borne along by the general tide of public opinion, neglect to give the matter any serious consideration.

But in this as in all other reforms, whether moral, social, or political, the proper question is not, is it desired?—but is it desirable?

This matter should be discussed, not from the narrow standpoint of personal preferences or prejudices, but from the broad ground of the general welfare. Would women be benefited by the wider interests which political responsibilities would bring into their lives? Would politics be purified by the admission of the feminine element? Would the laws in regard to the rights of property, the custody of children and divorce, be less partial or unjust, if women, as well as men, had a hand in the making of statutes which they must obey? More than all, and above all, is it *just* that a woman should have a vote under a form of government which is founded on universal suffrage. In a government whose proudest boast is that it is the voice of the people; whose highest officer declares himself to be but the servant of his countrymen; in a land where the chief magistrate is lifted to power solely by the suffrages of the people, and deprived of his office by the succession of another candidate chosen in the same way, should the political existence of woman be ignored?

Why should a woman alone be unrepresent-

ed in a representative government? Is this consistent? Is it just? Such are a few of the questions which deserve the consideration of intelligent men and women; and when the subject of Woman's Suffrage receives the careful study which its importance merits, we shall no longer hear such puerile objections as this which we have attempted to combat urged against it.

THE WOMEN VOTERS IN WYOMING.

The late election in Wyoming Territory has disproved the statement so frequently made that women would not exercise the right of suffrage even if it were secured to them.

Women *have* voted in that territory, and no social upheaval has followed in consequence of this new thing under the sun. The prophetic souls who have bewailed the disruption of families, and the social disturbances which must result from the bestowal of the ballot upon women, must be surprised at the failure of their predictions; for from all accounts, domestic and social affairs move on in Wyoming much as they did before this political revolution.

The fact that two female candidates for local offices were defeated seems to strike the entire press of the country with astonishment, and it is chronicled as "a shameful repudiation of the doctrine of woman's rights."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* says, "The Anthonys and Stantons and lesser lights of the Woman's Rights party have again and again assured us that we shall never have wise and beneficent laws until woman makes them, and that in order that woman shall make them it is necessary that woman shall vote so as to elect herself to the State and national legislatures."

It is true that the woman's rights leaders declare that legislation will never be what it should be—just—till woman has a hand in the making of the laws which govern her; but none of the most radical of the champions of female suffrage have ever taught that "woman must vote herself into office" to attain that end. When women vote, we hope they will cast their ballots for the best candidates, irrespective of race, color, or sex; and we are glad that the women in Wyoming Territory showed themselves superior to mere prejudice in favor of their own sex, if the candidates had no other claim upon their suffrages than this fact.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Miss Lemma Barkeloo, formerly a resident of Brooklyn, died recently at St. Louis, Mo., in which latter city, for some time past, she had been a diligent and successful practitioner of her profession, the law. After her death the members of the bar held a meeting, and passed resolutions of respect and eulogy precisely as they would have done had the deceased been a brother instead of a sister lawyer.

At a numerously attended meeting of the bar of St. Louis the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That in the death of Miss Lemma Barkeloo we deplore the loss of the first of her sex ever admitted to the bar of Missouri; that in her erudition, industry and enterprise we have to regret the loss of one who, in the morning of her career, bade fair to reflect credit on our profession and a new honor upon her sex; and that

our sympathy and condolence be extended to the relatives of the deceased."

The members of the legal profession in St. Louis have always shown true manliness in their conduct towards the women who have there undertaken the study and practice of the law. Nor have they waited for the death of their sisters in the profession to give them tardy words of eulogy which they withheld from them in their life-time. On the contrary, both Miss Barkeloo and Miss Phebe Couzens have received the most cordial recognition from the entire bar, who have thus shown themselves capable of appreciating the diligence, perseverance and self-respect of women who were resolved to earn their own living instead of waiting idly at home until some man should offer to marry and support them.

SOME WORLDLY IDEAS.

The *World* amiably condescends to approve of the spirit of the late Simmons' Bequest, but cannot forbear to make a traitor of itself to common sense by "doubts." It does not believe that it is judicious to teach women to earn their own living, because when they marry all their technical usefulness will be as naught. Can we ever be sufficiently grateful to Monsieur of the *World* for thus implying that every woman has a flock of would-be husbands prancing after her, and that if she does not become an adjunct immediately, it is all her own fault, and she ought to starve? Experience and the usual number of eyes have not taught us that woman can wed just when and whom they wish to. Men, unfortunately, are not in the habit of picking up a woman anywhere, and marrying her because she happens to be a woman and is ready to be so disposed of. Are the girls for whom no man sighs and cries, or who may not wish to marry, to suffer an inane idleness when a noble, active, useful existence is waiting outside the narrow limits of the oriental idea?

Even if these technically educated girls marry they may be required to answer with a stern energy the questions so pertinently put by the *Tribune*:

"Are husbands immortal? Do not widows abound? And are they not generally required to make desperate and often unavailing efforts for the support of their children? Then why not educate them so as to divest widowhood and orphanage of some of their terrors?"

The *World* observes that

"No woman who has a man who desires to marry her, and is able to take care of her, will seek the curriculum of Simmons' College in order to learn how to take care of herself. The fact that she has a lover will teach her more than the curriculum, and the one word, Yes, conveys to her a profounder wisdom than a four years' course of study."

Here's an idea which we must accept as culminating the philosophy of the ages. Schools are unnecessary; professors useless trash. Only let a woman have half a dozen admirers, and say "yes" to each in jilting succession, what floods of wisdom would have rolled in upon her brain when at last she wedded the man at the end of the procession.

The *World* forgets to say whether the pronunciation of this magic word has a like educational effect upon the masculine mind.

For the women who have no admirers the *World* thinks the college will be a good thing. "It will put them in the way of making some money, and then they will buy a man."

There's nothing more to be said. In confessing that men are waiting, and even longing, to be bought, the *World* has reached the

ultimate exposition of their meanness, and firmly convinced us that it is time we had learned to regard their opinions and injunctions with the pitying contempt they deserve. And if it will be any gratification to the poor things, we hereby promise to think about it, although we must confess to a fear that the men who thus put themselves up for sale would be but a poor bargain at any price.

Concerning the use of woman's technical education after marriage, we can do nothing better than copy the sensible ideas of the *Tribune*:

"For our part, we consider a thorough and comprehensive education, such as Mr. Simmons' will contemplates, if not essential to a woman's thorough preparation for the responsibilities of marriage, as more conducive to it than a costly *trousseau* or a comfortable cheque on papa's banker. Money and jewels may be swept away by fire, or flood, or any other flaw of fortune's fickle gale; but, with such an education as is contemplated, a woman may properly say, 'Should my husband be crippled, paralyzed, or otherwise disabled, I will undertake to win honest bread for us both; should he be snatched away by death, leaving others dependent upon my exertions, I will return to the calling of my maidenhood, and try to keep my family from the almshouse.' Thus, apart from the consideration that she may not marry, and, even if she should, may choose to earn her own living pending a suitable offer, we hold that every woman should have a thorough education—one that qualifies her to win her own way through life. The *World's* conception is better adapted to the meridian of Aleppo or Samarcand than to that of Boston or New York."

THE CASE OF DR. ALICE CAMPBELL.

The Homeopathic Medical Society of the county of Kings, in the State of New York, is just now greatly excited on the "woman question." At their last monthly meeting, scientific and medical subjects were quite forgotten by the society, and the evening was spent in a heated discussion on the right of a woman, Mrs. Alice B. Campbell, to membership in their body.

In May last, Mrs. Dr. Campbell, on an invitation of an old member of the society, presented herself with her credentials for admission. Her diploma was referred by the President to the censors, (he not being able to make out the Latin,) and on a favorable report from them, the President ordered a ballot, and she was declared duly elected. At a subsequent meeting, by a vote of 13 to 9, her election was decided to be unconstitutional and null, and the Treasurer was instructed to return her initiation fee.

Mrs. Campbell, however, persisted in claiming her right to membership. She and her friends took the ground that her election was legal, and that such being the case, no subsequent action of the society could, by a simple vote, eject her from membership. In order to accomplish this, it would be necessary to bring charges of incompetency or immorality to sustain them before the proper legal tribunals.

No such charges are brought against Mrs. Campbell. Not a whisper is heard against her character or her qualifications as a physician. Her offence is simply that she is a woman, and this offence is such an unpardonable one that the society was determined to cast out this Pariah from among them.

Dr. Lester Keppel moved that the committee on publication be directed to strike her name from the list of members. A heated discussion followed, and the resolution was passed by a large majority.

Mrs. Campbell, however, will not let the matter rest here. She is resolved to apply to

the courts of law to discover whether a woman has any rights that men are bound to respect. She wishes to be a member of this Medical Society, not, probably, for the sake of attending its monthly meetings, where her experience has not been of such a nature as to make her very anxious for frequent opportunities of enjoying the society she finds there. If this were all the privileges that membership involved she would no doubt gladly forego it. But the State of New York makes it obligatory on a physician to become a member of a county medical society.

The laws of the State of New York read as follows: "The President of every county medical society shall give notice in writing to every physician and surgeon not already admitted into such society, within the county in which the society of which he is President is situated, requiring such physician or surgeon, within sixty days after the service of such notice, to apply for and receive a certificate of admission as a member of such society."

If Dr. Campbell neglects to attend to this, she subjects herself to the danger of a legal prosecution, which may end in fine and imprisonment.

It remains to be seen whether a law which compels a physician to join a society, does not also compel that society to receive a physician applying for admission, unless there is some other ground for refusal than the sex of the applicant.

The rules of this body also forbid any of its members to consult with physicians who do not belong to the society, under pain of expulsion themselves; and by this rule Mrs. Campbell is debarred from the benefits of consultation with even those physicians who do not share the prejudices of their fraternity against her.

Can there be anything more unjust or more ungenerous than such treatment of a woman, simply because she is a woman?

We are frequently told that if women could get what they ask for—equal rights in the community—they would lose the gentle courtesies which they now receive from men. But such courtesies as Mrs. Campbell has obtained at the hands of her brother physicians she would, we think, be very ready to exchange for simple justice.

For the honor of the society it must be said that there were members of it who felt that Mrs. Campbell was wronged, and who warmly espoused her cause. But these noble and generous men were in the minority in the society, as unfortunately for the world, they are everywhere.

This is but another proof of the general sentiment pervading the community that woman is an inferior order of being, and it is only by slow degrees that a change in public opinion will be effected. But until that change is made—until women consider themselves, and are considered by men, as their equals, the civilization of the world can make no step forward in the march of progress.

To our friends in San Francisco we would say that Mr. and Mrs. Herman Snow, booksellers and news dealers, 319 Kearney street, keep THE REVOLUTION for sale by single copies, or will receive subscriptions for us, acting as our agent in that city.

Hartford has a new \$30,000 industrial school for girls.

**WHY SHOULD NOT A LAW FRAMED FOR
FALLEN WOMEN APPLY EQUALLY TO
FALLEN MEN?**

An English correspondent writes:—My chief hope for a popular demonstration in favor of our Suffrage Bill next session lies in the deep settled indignation roused by the Contagious Diseases' Acts of 1866 and 1867. Under these acts, thousands of women are placed under the jurisdiction of the Admiralty, and deprived of civil rights. Police spies enter girls' bed-rooms, and drag them to ignominious and brutal outrage without trial, without magistrate, judge or jury. The acts are so cunningly framed that an innocent girl has no redress. The police can always plead that they were trying to put this act in force, and then the tribunal must hold them harmless.

A lady writes from Devenport—one of the subjected districts—respecting one poor girl condemned last week by the magistrates at Devenport to imprisonment, for refusing to submit to an indecent assault on her person by the government officials.

The accounts we receive from Devenport are quite heart-breaking. The poor girls are in despair. They go to prison, rather than submit to the shame and the pain of outrage. But imprisonment does not relieve them from the fangs of the law. The moment they come out of prison, the alternative is again submitted to them—examination or jail—and so on, for a twelve-month. You will not be surprised to hear that these revelations are lashing women into fury.

The change in the spirit of women with regard to the suffrage is very decided. I was at Wigan awhile ago at the formation of a suffrage committee. The ladies were most earnest in the cause. One said:

"A year ago I should have been quite shocked at the thought of women voting, but these acts have opened my eyes."

It was the same at Southampton, where I was a few days ago. A suffrage committee has been formed, which promises earnest work. Southampton is one of the "subjected districts." All the female population of Southampton, and of the country for fifteen miles round, are placed under the irresponsible power of the police. The Habeas Corpus Act is practically suspended for them. In the words of Mr. Jacob Bright, describing the working of the act:

"You begin by letting loose spies upon a town. There is no street nor square nor precinct of the town, be it field or garden, over which the eyes of these men do not range. They resort to the basest means to entrap their victims. They are not instructed to dog the steps of men and women—only of women, and not of all women. Their attention is specially given to the poorer and more defenceless class—milliners, shop-girls, women in domestic service—those classes which more commonly furnish the victims to men's lust. These are they who are placed in peril, and whose steps are tracked day and night by the creatures of this law."

The foregoing is extracted from the speech delivered on July 20th, in the House of Commons, on the motion for the repeal of these acts. The supporters of the acts excluded reporters from the House of Commons, in order to stifle the debate. By a curious remnant of ancient privilege, any one member can do this, in spite of the wishes of the rest. But the report of Mr. Bright's speech was nevertheless obtained and published by the Ladies' National Association, and deserves the widest publicity. I send you a copy. It gave a se-

rious blow to the acts in the House, as no one even attempted to reply to the arguments.

Mrs. King has been summoned before the magistrates for interfering on behalf of the poor girls. She was found guilty, and fined £5 and costs. She might have been put in prison if the magistrate had chosen.

ABOUT HENS.

The *People*, a paper published in Concord, N. H., tells the following story of the way in which a Vermont girl regained her health and made money:

"A farmer's daughter in delicate health, living on the Vermont side of the Connecticut river, took charge of twelve hens in February, 1867. Part of the hens were set with turkeys' eggs. The flock of chickens and turkeys was quite numerous and well-fattened by Thanksgiving. Seventy-five eggs were used in the family during the first year, and seven turkeys (the best ones) given away at Thanksgiving. Much the same liberality was used each year. The total cash received for eggs and poultry during the three years was three hundred and thirty-four dollars and fifty cents. The cost of keeping was fully met by the eggs used in the family; so the above amount is clear profit. In addition to this, the invalid is much improved in health. The food for the fowls was mainly corn, and cob-meal, given warm in cold weather; boiled potatoes and hog scraps, an excellent addition, given occasionally. Few know the real profit of keeping hens. So many think 'they don't pay,' that little care is given them. Let them have good, comfortable quarters and food properly prepared, and they are the most profitable investment a farmer can make, requiring so little capital."

The postoffice at Somerset Corners, Niagara county, has been taken from Mr. Kemp, and given to Miss Sarah Briggs. Considerable dissatisfaction has been found with the old postmaster, and there is some feeling in regard to the new appointment; but the Lockport *Journal* trusts that it will soon die out, as the incumbent is a lady of ability, and will fulfill her duties with promptitude and exactness.

One of our New York lady artists, Miss Elma Gove, is engaged to a Mr. Litchfield, an Englishman of good family. The bride elect has spent the last six or seven years abroad, and made the acquaintance of her fiance at Great Malvern, England, where she is now residing. The wedding will take place in September.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage has completed a new temperance story, entitled "Steps Upward," which is soon to be issued in book form by Mr. William M. Ireland, of *The Temperance Patriot*. It will make a volume of about four hundred pages. The story has been given in installments during the past few months in the *Patriot*, and is warmly commended.

The very latest thing in the advertising line is a lady who, through the newspapers, seeks for an employment as an "ornamental guest." She will assist at dinner or evening parties—by her grace, and wit, and beauty, contributing to the entertainment of guests, and she will do everything in the highest style of art—only she demands that a handsome compensation be made.

An old Baptist minister enforced the necessity of difference of opinion by this argument: "Now, if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman." One of the deacons who sat just behind him responded: "Yes, and if everybody was of my opinion nobody would have her."

THE INNOCENT MAID.

My mother, she tells me—
"Nature has given thee
Lips to speak with, my daughter, my own;
And so thou must use them for speaking alone."
But why are they red then?
White lips would answer for speaking as well;
And why has she said then—
"Only for speaking?" O! who can tell
A poor little innocent girl like me,
For what use but to speak with can my mouth be?
—From the German of Claudio

MILK AND WATER.

ADULTERATION OF MILK.—From a series of experiments instituted by Prof. C. F. Chandler for the Board of Health, we are led to believe that the alleged adulteration of milk with such substances as chalk, sugar, starch, sheep's brains, etc., exists more in fancy than reality. In two hundred and ninety-seven specimens of milk purchased of as many dealers in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and submitted to chemical examination during the year 1869 the only adulterant found was water. The professor concludes his report as follows:

"This investigation establishes the fact that the citizens of the Metropolitan district are generally receiving milk which is free from adulterations, and untainted with disease. Nevertheless, a fraud is perpetrated upon them in the systematic dilution of the milk with water. The average percentage of pure milk in the adulterated article with which the city is supplied is 73.28; or, in other words, for every three quarts of pure milk there is added one quart of water. It was stated at the Convention of Milk Producers and Dealers, held at Croton Falls, in March, 1870, that the total amount of milk supplied to the cities of New York and Brooklyn from the surrounding country was about 120,000,000 quarts per annum. To reduce this to the quality of our city supply requires an addition of 40,000,000 quarts of water, which, at ten cents per quart, costs us the snug sum of \$4,000,000 annually, or about \$12,000 per day."

Mrs. M. Adelle Hazlett, President of the North Western Woman's Suffrage Society, is one of the best speakers on the suffrage question that the agitation has produced. Blessed with rare common sense, and endowed with a good voice, she not only instructs, but pleases, as she re-clothes with practicable ideas thoughts previously presented by other and older advocates. We learn that her name has been entered on the lyceum list as a lecturer, with subjects entitled, "The Problem of Democracy" and "Free and Equal." Having heard her address several large conventions, we can most heartily recommend her to any literary society that desires an eloquent and instructive speaker. Mrs. Hazlett's address is Hillsdale, Michigan.

"I sympathize sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend, "to lose such a husband as yours." "Ah, yes, he was very good; and then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of a husband she has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

Miss C. V. Hutchings, who will be remembered by concert-goers, appeared as conductor of the orchestra and chorus at the commencement of the female normal school the other day at the Academy of Music. It is the first time that sort of thing has been done in New York, and it is a pleasure to know that it was very well done.

Extracts.

JANE AUSTEN.

A few years ago, a gentleman visiting the beautiful cathedral of Winchester, England, desired to be shown the grave of Jane Austen. The verger, as he pointed it out, asked, "Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady; so many people want to know where she was buried?" We fancy the ignorance of the honest verger is shared by most American readers of the present day, respecting the life and character of a lady whose novels commanded the admiration of Scott, of Mackintosh, and Macaulay, of Coleridge, of Southey, and others of equal eminence in the world of letters. Even during her life-time she was known only through her novels. Unlike her gifted contemporary, Miss Mitford, she lived in entire seclusion from the literary world; neither by correspondence nor by personal intercourse was she known to any contemporary authors. It is probable that she never was in company with any person whose talents or whose celebrity equaled her own; so that her powers never could have been sharpened by collision with superior intellects, nor her imagination aided by their casual suggestions. Even during the last two or three years of her life, when her works were rising in the estimation of the public, they did not enlarge the circle of her acquaintance. Few of her readers knew even her name, and none knew more of her than her name.

It would scarcely be possible, to mention any other author of note whose personal obscurity was so complete. Fanny Burney, afterward Madame D'Arblay, was at an early age petted by Dr. Johnson, and introduced to wits and scholars of the day at the tables of Mrs. Thrale and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Anna Seward, in her self-constituted shrine at Litchfield, would have been miserable had she not trusted that the eyes of all lovers of poetry were devoutly fixed on her. Joanna Baillie and Maria Edgeworth were far from courting publicity; they loved the privacy of their own families, one with her brother and sister in their Hamstead villa, the other in her more distant retreat in Ireland; but fame pursued them, and they were the favorite correspondents of Sir Walter Scott. The chief part of Charlotte Bronte's life was spent in a wild solitude, compared with which Steventon and Chawton might be considered to be in the gay world; and yet she attained to personal distinction which never fell to Miss Austen's lot. When she visited her kind publisher in London, literary men and women were invited purposely to meet her; Thackeray bestowed upon her the honor of his notice; and once, in Willis' Rooms, she had to walk shy and trembling through an avenue of lords and ladies, drawn up for the purpose of gazing at the author of "Jane Eyre." Miss Mitford, too, lived quietly in "Our Village," devoting her time and talents to the benefit of a father scarcely worthy of her; but she did not live there unknown. Her tragedies gave her a name in London. She numbered Milman and Talfourd among her correspondents; and her works were a passport to the society of many who would not otherwise have sought her. Hundreds admired Miss Mitford on account of her writings for one who ever connected the idea of Miss Austen with the press.

It was not till the close of her life, when the last of the works that she saw published was in the press, that she received the only mark of distinction that was ever bestowed upon her; and that it was remarkable for the high quarter whence it emanated, rather than for any actual increase of fame that it conferred. It happened thus. In the autumn of 1815 she nursed her brother Henry through a dangerous fever and slow convalescence at his house in Hans Place. He was attended by one of the Prince Regent's physicians. All attempts to keep her name secret had at this time ceased, and though it had never appeared on a title-page, yet it was pretty well known; and the friendly physician was aware that his patient's nurse was the author of "Pride and

Prejudice." Accordingly he informed her one day that the Prince was a great admirer of her novels; that he read them often, and kept a set in every one of his residences; that he himself, therefore, had thought it right to inform his Royal Highness that Miss Austen was staying in London, and that the Prince had desired Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, to wait upon her. The next day Mr. Clarke made his appearance, and invited her to Carlton House, saying that he had the Prince's instructions to show her the library and other apartments, and to pay her every possible attention. The invitation was of course accepted, and during the visit to Carlton House Mr. Clarke declared himself commissioned to say that if Miss Austen had any other novel forthcoming she was at liberty to dedicate it to the Prince. Accordingly such a dedication was immediately prefixed to "Emma," which was at that time in the press.—*Harper's Magazine for July.*

A WOMAN'S DEFENCE OF DRESS.

For myself I should be thankful to return to the habits of our grandmothers; buy a bonnet which would do to wear ten years; have three dresses, two for every day and one for "nice," and wear them year after year till they wear out without alteration; also twist up my hair in a plain wad at the back of my head. I should then have more time for reading and study, and more money to spend in books, pictures, and traveling, to say nothing of the unlimited time and money for doing good. And I know of very many women who would be only too happy to throw aside the wearisome shackles of fashion. But what would be the result? With the maiden, no more beaux; with the wife, a cessation of devotion on the part of her husband—results too dire to be contemplated for a moment. I speak what I know, and testify what I have seen. I have myself been to parties sensibly and economically clad, and I was despised and rejected of men; again, I have been more fashionably and expensively attired, and I had more beaux than I knew what to do with. By the way, why don't some of these wise and sensible bachelors court and marry among the vast army of working girls? They are dressed simply, and are accustomed to habits of economy. They would be glad enough of good homes, and would make excellent wives. They are personally attractive, and, I doubt not, are quite as refined and intelligent as the average of fashionable women. Why is there not a greater demand for them as wives, and why are not the Flora McFlimseys a drug in the market? Let the facts speak for themselves. Be not deceived. O, my brethren! With you lies the fault; from you must come the remedy—refuse to pay court to silks, panniers, frills, and chignons, and we shall go over to calico in battalions.—*Evening Post.*

AMERICAN WOMEN ABROAD.

A correspondent, writing from Paris, administered a severe but deserved rebuke to those republican women of America who act as snobs and fawners upon royalty to such a ridiculous extent. One of the most lamentable failings of our American women traveling is their intense admiration for rank, buttons, jingling of swords, and the clash of the poor people's money in the cash-boxes of smutty tyrants. Boston women, and the best of women they are too, become quite frantic over the Tuilleries receptions, and struggle for a place at a court into which very little of morality or sincerity has ever entered. It is a court of parvenus too; of shoddy men and women; of hybrid Spaniards, like those of Offenbach's last play; a court at which Pierre Bonaparte would not be entirely out of place; and, singularly enough, at which but few real worthy Frenchmen are to be seen. "See Rome and die," should be changed in these days to "See Paris and become demoralized."

Women were employed and commended as composers in Italy as early as the end of the fifteenth century.

THE WOMEN CLERKS IN WASHINGTON.

The last Congress had its full share of abuse from both friends and foes, and no doubt deserved it all. But amidst the almost universal censure which its legislation elicited, one act at least was as universally praised as just and right. We refer to its decision to pay women who did the same work as a man the same wages which a man received for that work.

But if we may trust the statement which we clip from the Washington *Daily National Republican*, this act of justice has been made entirely inoperative.

"WHY IS IT?

"Why is it that the women in the Treasury and other departments who are doing the work of first-class clerks do not receive the pay of first-class clerks? Congress has talked about it, eloquent speeches have been made upon it, and a resolution passed that they should have it, but no appropriation made to meet it, or any arrangement by which a disbursing officer would be authorized to pay it to them were he inclined to do so. Under the bill of Mr. Arnell, which was passed with so many amendments that the original bill could not be seen through it, three women have been appointed to first-class clerkships. Good for the three; but why not do justice to the many others who are performing work equally laborious and intricate?

"Not long since an \$1,800 clerk in one of the departments of the Treasury resigned. A woman in the same office, amply qualified for the work, asked for the place, and was met with the response, 'to give you the \$1,800 would be simply absurd!' A man was appointed to the place who was entirely incompetent. The woman's work was given to him, and he drew the \$1,800, while difficult work was performed by the woman for half the sum.

"Recently eight lady copyists in the Third Auditor's office, who had been for some time comfortably established in a nice airy room, were summarily removed to a room much smaller and with less air, without time being given them to gather up their papers, simply because a newly appointed head preferred that room for the use of himself and clerk, and because, as he asserted, he could not endure the air or the noise in the room to which the eight women were removed. Yet these women, with their finely strung nerves and delicate organisms, must endure them or lose their bread and butter. Oh! the felicity of being a man.

"Would not the women of the land to-day, if they had the power of choice, prefer less gallantry and better wages; less talk and more work; fewer complaints and better offices; less admiration and more independence? Is it not about time to do away with the superstitions and prejudices of heathen countries and the dark ages? Certainly, no sane man will contend in this age that the same work ought not to command the same pay; that the privileges of competition ought not to be equal, or that the natural rights, even of a child, should not be respected.

FAIR PLAY.

"If you vote you must fight," say the opponents of woman's rights. Very well! We believe that most of the strong-minded, especially the young and pretty ones, not only wish to make contracts, sue, and be sued, in a civil way, especially for their hands, but they also claim the right to bare arms, and to take their full share in all naval and military engagements.

Isn't that enough?

Miss Maggie Lyons, of Des Moines, Iowa, while on a recent visit to Western Kansas, formed one of a party who went for a buffalo hunt for a week, in which she had the honor of killing the first game—a huge buffalo bull. She lay in ambush for him, and as he passed her she stepped out, drew up her carbine, aimed just in front of his shoulder, pulled the trigger, and he fell dead on the spot, the ball breaking his neck.

Miss Annie L. Cary, the Boston singer, has returned from Europe.

THE TROUBLES OF JONATHAN EDWARDS' FAMILY.

The descendants of the great writer and theologian, Jonathan Edwards, assembled a short time since in Stockbridge, Mass., to do themselves and their ancestor honor.

Of course, speech-making was the grand feature of the occasion. The Congregational church, where the proceedings took place, was handsomely decorated with flowers, and in it also were hung the portraits of President Edwards and his wife. Remarkably handsome people both of them—his face oval, with lofty forehead, large gray eyes, light hair, and regular features; her face somewhat more round, encircled by a profusion of dark curling hair, lit up with beautiful dark eyes, the whole expression remarkably amiable and attractive.

But their descendants have sadly degenerated in good looks, if we may trust the description of an eye witness, who writes, "About two hundred of the Edwards' race were gathered here, a hard, dry, sharp-looking set they were—what beauty there was among them being notably among the women. The men were keen-faced, gray-eyed, ugly-featured, with only one or two exceptions."

The orations were said to be like most orations, "long, well-written, but tiresome to listen to." However, speech-making and speech-hearing are amusements dear to the New Englander, and all went merry as a marriage bell!

But suddenly a cloud darkened the horizon which bade fair to overshadow the brightness of the day. In other words, and laying metaphor aside, this happy family began to quarrel among themselves. Of course, it is hardly necessary to say that the women were the cause of the disturbance. They always are.

This is a general proposition too well established to need reiteration. The trouble in this particular instance was this: The committee of arrangements had invited a few of the female descendants of the great Jonathan to provide something of a literary sort for the entertainment of the company. Three of them had complied with the request. Mrs. Clarke of North Carolina, had written a poem, so had Mrs. Henshaw of California, and Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake had prepared an essay for the occasion.

But when it was suggested that the ladies should read their articles, the male members of the family were roused to indignation.

The old foggy theologians present felt that it would be a profanation to the memory of Jonathan the Great should women be allowed, in direct violation of St. Paul's teachings, to speak in the church, in an assemblage gathered to do honor to their ancestor, the apostle of orthodoxy.

Some of the young men could not regard the reading of their essays by the ladies as a monstrous proceeding.

In a community where every school-girl is allowed to read her composition on examination days before a large assemblage, often convened in a church, without shocking the moral sense of any one, they could not understand the sudden horror of their seniors at the idea of a similar proceeding.

It seemed to them insulting to ladies to ask them to prepare articles, and then refuse to allow them to read them.

The discussion waxed warm, but the old furies carried the day.

They magnanimously consented to listen to the productions of the female mind if men were allowed to read them.

Mrs. Clarke's poem was read by her son, Mrs. Henshaw's by her cousin, and Mrs. Blake's was not read at all, as she refused, we think very naturally, to have it murdered in the reading by some one who had never seen it.

After this signal triumph over the irrepressible women, the descendants of Jonathan Edwards separated well pleased, it is to be hoped, with themselves and with all the world.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CELEBRATION.

The twentieth anniversary of the inauguration of the Woman Suffrage Movement in this country will be celebrated in Apollo Hall, in the city of New York, on the 20th and 21st of October, 1870.

The movement in England, as in America, may be dated from the first National Convention, held at Worcester, Mass., October, 1850. The July following that convention a favorable criticism of its proceedings and an able digest of the whole question appeared in the *Westminster Review*, written by Mrs. John Stuart Mill, which awakened attention in both hemispheres. In the call for that convention the following subjects for discussion were presented: Woman's right to EDUCATION, Literary, Scientific, and Artistic; Her VOCATIONS, Industrial, Commercial, and Professional; Her INTERESTS, Pecuniary, Civil, and Political; in a word, HER RIGHTS as an Individual, and her FUNCTIONS as a Citizen.

It is hoped that the Old and the New World will both be largely represented by the earlier advocates of this reform, who will bring with them reports of progress and plans for future action. An extensive foreign correspondence will also add interest to the meetings. We specially invite the presence of those just awakening to an interest in this great movement, that from a knowledge of the past they may draw fresh inspiration for the work of the future, and fraternize a generation now rapidly passing away.

As those who inaugurated a reform so momentous and far-reaching in its consequences, held themselves above all party considerations and personal antagonisms, and as this gathering is to be in no way connected with either of our leading woman suffrage organizations, we hope that the friends of real progress everywhere will come together and unitedly celebrate this twentieth anniversary of a great national movement for freedom. Prompt answer requested.

Committee of Arrangements:—Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Samuel J. May, Sarah Pugh, Ernestine L. Rose, C. I. H. Nichols.

On behalf of the committee,

PAULINA W. DAVIS, Chairman.

We learn from Mrs. Davis that she is receiving many letters from friends of the cause expressing their interest in the coming commemorative meeting, and assuring her of their cordial co-operation.

A woman club-house is being fitted up in elegant style at New York by Woodhull & Clafin, the women brokers, who are reported to have paid \$175,000 for an elegant brownstone mansion in a fashionable quarter of the city.

LETTERS ABOUT THE DECADE MEETING.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 14, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Returning last evening from my visit to Swarthmore College, I find on my desk a huge pile of letters, all of one accord—earnest, and sympathetic—about the Decade Meeting. I enclose a few, and will make extracts from others as I have time. I feel like thanking God and taking courage from what I have seen and heard the last few days. Go on with fresh zeal.

Yours ever,

P. W. D.

BOSTON, Sept. 10th, 1870.

DEAR MRS. DAVIS: Your circular in reference to the proposed Woman Suffrage Celebration at New York, October 19th and 20th, was duly received. I should enjoy the meeting very much, and now see nothing to prevent my attending. I think Mrs. Sewall will go with me. Yours very truly,

S. G. SEWALL.

WATERVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1870.

DEAR MRS. DAVIS: Your circular has just reached me. It is extremely doubtful about my being able to be in New York at the time of the celebration; if I am it will give me great pleasure to be present. The occasion cannot fail to be one of great interest, and I trust it may prove in every sense a success.

Very truly yours,

CELIA BURLEIGH.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Sept. 5, 1870.

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIS: I have received the circular concerning the twentieth anniversary of the woman's suffrage movement, and write to say that I hope to be present on the occasion, accompanied by my daughter and by my friend, Miss Ellen E. Miles. Other ladies from New Haven may possibly accompany us. There will doubtless be a large and pleasant gathering, and one that will result in great good to the cause.

The papers say Susan B. Anthony is to have \$2,000 for twenty lectures in California. I hope it is true. She has labored faithfully, and deserves pecuniary as well as other success.

As for the names on this call to the Woman Suffrage Celebration, they are names that the women of the future will delight to honor. My venerable and beloved relative, Lucretia Mott, is one of the noblest of reformers as well as purest and sweetest of women. Everybody loves her who can appreciate the saintly and the angelic. Sarah Pugh, her companion when abroad, is also worthy of high praise. Mr. May's anti-slavery work has endeared him to my heart, and won him a lofty place in the esteem of all true reformers. C. I. H. Nichols is a stranger to me, but I hope will not be long. And as for Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Rose—faithful and efficient co-workers in this great movement—I hope the day will never come when I shall fail to do them the justice which their earnest, noble, persistent and successful efforts for the cause deserve.

With many thanks to you, who, I believe, wrote the first call for a woman's convention, and with the hope that the coming celebration will give impetus to the cause that shall be felt on both sides of the Atlantic, I remain

Yours for woman suffrage,

PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

OLIVE LOGAN.

The New York *Tribune* appears to be delighted with one of Olive Logan's new themes for the lecture field. It says: "One of her new discourses will treat of *The Bright Side*, and will embody a woman's plea for cheerfulness, amiability and sunshine in the world.—The topic is a delightful one, and since Miss Logan is a type of what she urges, we doubt not she will treat it in a delightful manner." Of course she will.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in a recent letter published in the *Woman's Journal*, compliments that paper on its "conservative religious tone."

If Mrs. Stowe considers the religious ideas of Col. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Lucy Stone conservative, it is evident that she has departed from the faith of her fathers, and we are at a loss to know what she would regard as radical.

LITERARY.

IMPORTANT NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—The *Hearth and Home*, a finely illustrated family journal of a high character, hitherto issued by Messrs. Pettengill, Bates & Co., has been purchased by Messrs. Orange Judd & Co., of 245 Broadway, New York, the well-known publishers of the *American Agriculturist*. Messrs S. M. Pettengill & Co., whose great advertising agency, established in 1849, is one of the largest and most reputable in the world, find that their extensive business requires their exclusive attention, and they therefore transfer *Hearth and Home* to the new publishers, whose long experience and abundant facilities will enable them, not only to maintain the past high character of the paper, but to add materially to its value. The new publishers also announce a reduction of the terms to \$3 per year. The change will not at all affect the *American Agriculturist*, which will continue on independently as heretofore. The illustrations and reading matter of the two journals will be entirely different. Either of the journals will be furnished from now to the end of 1871 (15 months,) at the yearly subscription rate, viz: the weekly *Hearth and Home*, at \$3; the Monthly *American Agriculturist*, \$1.50; or the two for \$4.

Beyond doubt the most brilliant course of lectures in America is that known as the "Star" course in Philadelphia. It embraces twenty-four of the most distinguished names known to our oratory, including statesmen, divines, generals, authors, actors, and agitators. Among the twenty-four, there are four chosen to lecture twice in the course—Sumner, Phillips, Anna Dickinson, and Olive Logan. Here is equality of the sexes at least.

One of our city papers, the other day, in recording the names of the ladies who were in attendance at a Saratoga hop, spoke of "the elegant Miss Hoffmire, with her blonde hair from Amsterdam." Whose business is it where the lady procured her hair? Perhaps she wishes that secret to be *her own*. How would you like it, if somebody told where you got your hair-dye?

An Illinois woman who couldn't do a benevolent action without some admixture of feminine spite, shook all the best apples off one of her husband's trees while hanging herself on it. The widower, however, consoles himself for the loss of his fruit by the reflection that no blessing in this world is entirely without alloy.

Miss Starr, whose "Undine" was reproduced in *Harper's Weekly* of August 20, is the daughter of an American gentleman, and had the honor of being the first lady to take the first prize at the Royal Academy in 1868.

A London letter, describing Minister Motley's Fourth of July party, says: "The singular beauty of some of the American ladies was more talked about by the English guests than the Declaration of Independence."

Women are allowed, by a recent royal decree, to practice medicine in England, after undergoing the usual examinations, and a special course of instruction is to be opened for them in London.

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LAWYER WANTED.—During last summer, at several woman suffrage meetings, it was announced that there was a lawyer in this city willing to undertake the instruction of a young lady in his profession. A pupil is now desirous of availing herself of this offer, and if the gentleman is still of the same mind he can have an opportunity of obtaining a student by addressing L. D. B., REVOLUTION Office.

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BOSTON, July 19.
Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.: For many months my hair has been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed.

I commenced the use of your Cocoaine the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared, the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair.

Yours, very truly, SUSAN R. POPE.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

EAST MIDDLEBORO', MASS., June 9, 1864.
Messrs. Burnett & Co.: My daughter has been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used during that time many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly, that in October, 1861, it all came off.

She was induced to try your Cocoaine, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with a fine young hair. In four months the hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft, and fine, and of a darker color than formerly.

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The rates are lower than those of any other Company organized under the laws of New York, and responsible to the Insurance Department for its safety.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' will grant insurance to suit on the following plans:

ORDINARY LIFE,

ENDOWMENT,

CHILDREN ENDOWMENT,

JOINT ENDOWMENT,

COMPOUND INTEREST,

INCOME PRODUCING,

TERM LIFE,

RETURN PREMIUM,

ANNUITIES,

and in addition to the above plans will issue policies on the

"TONTINE MUTUAL,"

OR CHEAP PLAN FOR WORKING MEN.

Tontine Mutual is a combination of Insurance and Endowment, and is singularly adapted to the wants of a class of people who have hitherto been debarred from the benefits of Life Insurance by its heavy expenses.

To insure your life on the Tontine Mutual Plan, you pay \$15 once only.

You pay \$2 annually.

You pay \$1.10 whenever a death occurs in your Class.

You are certain to receive \$1,000.

And if your Class is full \$5,000.

Classes are regulated by ages.

BOTH SEXES ADMITTED IN THE SAME CLASS.

ALL HAVE TO PASS A MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Classes are limited to 5,000 members.

WHENEVER A CLASS IS ONCE FULL, IT WILL

ALWAYS REMAIN FULL.

The Company guarantees that in case your death should occur within a year, although there are not one thousand Members in your Class, yet will your family receive \$1,000; but in case your Class has more than one thousand Members, then you would receive as many dollars as there are Members in your Class at the time of your death.

FIVE THOUSAND MEMBERS,

THEN \$5,000.

Class A. Admits all between the ages of 15 and 35.

Class B. Admits all between the ages of 35 and 45.

Class C. Admits all between the ages of 45 and 60.

TONTINE FUND.

At the same time that you become insured, you also become

A MEMBER OF A TONTINE FUND.

Which may give to yourself, whilst living, a large sum of money.

This is the ONLY Company in the United States doing business on a sound basis, i.e., that has a cash capital of \$125,000, and has a deposit with the State for the security of the Policy Holders, that issues policies of this kind.

SEND FOR BOOK OF RATES.

ALL DIRECTORS ARE STOCKHOLDERS.

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MEDICAL EXAMINERS.

J. W. HENRY, M. D. RODMAN BARTLETT, M. D.

Persons desirous to act as Agents can write to Farmers' and Mechanics' Life Insurance Company, or call at the office, 49 Wall st., corner of William, New York.

BURNETT'S
STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

PERFECTLY PURE, FOR COOKING PURPOSES.

The superiority of these Extracts consists in their
PERFECT PURITY AND GREAT STRENGTH.

There is no subject which should more engross attention than the purity of the preparations which are used in flavoring the various compounds prepared for the human stomach. These Extracts are warranted perfectly free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit-flavors now in the market. They are not only true to their names, but are prepared from fruits of the best quality, and so highly concentrated that a small quantity only need be used.

ECONOMISTS find them to be MUCH CHEAPER than others at a lower price. The cost is only ten cents, or less per two-ounce bottle higher than the common Cooking Extracts now offered for sale, while they are warranted to possess triple strength and perfect purity. They also possess the advantage of clearly imparting all the DELICATE FLAVOR of the fruits and spices from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

BURNETT'S STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS are neatly put up in 2 oz., 5 oz. and 10 oz. bottles, and are for sale by the trade generally in every principal city and town in the United States, Canadas, and British Provinces, as well as in many other foreign countries.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

19 & 17 WARREN STREET, N. Y.

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NEW YORK STATE REGISTERED POLICIES, secured y pledge of Public Stock, like the circulation of National Banks.

Every Registered Policy is as secure to the holder as a National Bank Note, or United States Bond.

See Regular Bulletin of Registered Policy Account in every Tuesday's New York Tribune.

All Policies registered in the Insurance Department free of cost.

MUTUALITY.

The Company is PURELY MUTUAL, an order authorizing the retirement of the Capital Stock having been granted July, 1869. After January, 1870, all the profits will be divided among the Policy Holders, after the NEW PLAN OF CONTRIBUTION originated by this Company.

NON-FORFEITURE.

All our Life and Endowment Policies are non-forfeitable after two or three annual Premiums have been paid, thus securing to your heirs the value of every dollar invested, whether you can continue your Policy or not.

CASH PREMIUMS AND CASH RETURNS OF SURPLUS on the NEW CONTRIBUTION PLAN of Dividends.

THIRTY DAYS' GRACE allowed on any renewal payment, and the Policy held good.

No RESTRICTION ON TRAVEL in the United States or any part of North America, north of the Southern Cape of Florida, or in Europe, at any season of the year.

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No. 231 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

This Company has achieved a decided success, having, in the first two years of its existence, issue over

2,700 Policies.

Insuring over 5,500,000 Dollars.

And has ACCUMULATED ASSETS amounting to over

\$375,000.00.

The Homeopathic Mutual Life Insurance Company insures HOMEOPATHISTS and NON-HOMEOPATHISTS at lower rates than any other New York Company.

Its losses are all paid within thirty days after receipt of the proofs of death.

Its policies are all non-forfeitable after one annual payment.

No extra charge is made on account of employment or travel.

Premiums and Dividends all cash.

WOMEN INSURED AT SAME RATES AS MEN.

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Send for circulars and books.

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all 11

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Leave Twenty-third street at 7:45 a.m., 9:45 a.m. and 5:15 and 6:45 p.m., daily.

On the 8 a.m. train, Sleeping Coaches are attached from Susquehanna to Buffalo; the 6:30 p.m. from New York to Buffalo; the 7 p.m. to Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland and Cincinnati without change.

Super Drawing-Room Coaches accompany the 10 a.m. train, and Sleeping Coaches are attached at Hornellsville for the accommodation of Western and Southern passengers.

An Emigrant Train leaves daily at 7:45 p.m.

For Patterson and Way, from Chambers street depot, at *6:45, *10:15 a.m.; 12 m.; *1:45, 4, 3:30, 5, 5:15 and 6:45

p.m. From Twenty-third street depot at *6:45, *10:15, 11:45 a.m.; *6:45, *10:15, *1:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:45, 5:15 and 6:45 p.m.

For Port Jervis and Way, *11:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. (Twenty-third street, *11:15 a.m. and 5:15 p.m.)

For Middletown and Way, at 11:30 a.m.; 3:30 p.m. (Twenty-third street, 11:15 a.m.; 3:15 p.m.); and Sundays only, 8:30 a.m. (Twenty-third street, 8:30 p.m.)

For Greycourt and Way, at *8:30 a.m. (Twenty-third street, *8:15 a.m.)

For Newburg Express at 3:30 p.m.; Way, 4:30 p.m. (Twenty-third street, Ex., 3:15 p.m.; Way, 4:15 p.m.)

For Suffern and Way, 5 p.m. (Twenty-third street, 4:45 p.m.) Theatre Train, 11:30 p.m. (Twenty-third street, 11:00 p.m.)

For Hackensack and Hillsdale, from Twenty-third street Depot, at 8:45, 11:45, a.m.; *12:15, 3:45, 5:15, 5:45 and 6:45 p.m. From Chambers street Depot, 9 a.m., 12:15, 4:15, 6:45 and 8:15 a.m.; 12 m. and 6:45 p.m.

For Piermont, Nyack, Monsey, and Way, from Twenty-third street Depot, at 9:15 a.m.; *12:45, *3:15, 4:15, 4:45, 4:45 and 6:15 p.m.; Saturdays only, *12 midnight.

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W. R. BARR, Gen'l Pass'r Ag't.

L. D. RUCKER, Gen'l Supt.

July 5, 1870.

* For Patterson only + For Hackensack only.

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EST CURE—The best remedy known for Chronic Diarrhea, Dysentery and all pains, Salt Rheum, etc.

Also, ADAMS' GOLDEN SALVE, a specific for Piles and Constipation, Burns, Boils, Sore Breasts, etc., recommended by druggists generally.

Wholesale at C. N. CRITTENDEN'S, No. 7 Sixth Avenue, and JOHN F. HENRY'S, 8 College Place, New York. Don't fail to try them.

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UNSOLOITED TESTIMONY.

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MR. JOHN F. HENRY:

Dear Sir: I wish you to send me two dozen boxes of your Carbolic Salve. I have an obstinate sore on my foot, which has been a running sore for over ten years. I was sent one box of your Salve, and I found it to do better on my foot than any other. R. B. BLEUM.

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The Carbolic Salve has not only healed the eruptions on my face, but has soothed and allayed inflammation.

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Small Doses calm, soothe and tranquilize promptly.
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